Vol. CLI. No. 1960

January 18, 1939



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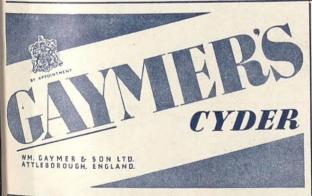
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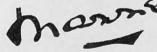
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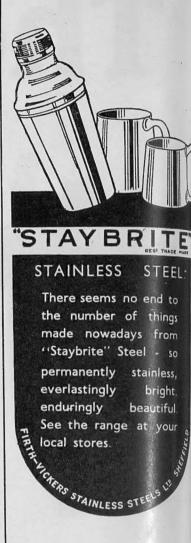
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### THE PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY

The marriage of the Princess Olga Dolgorouky to Lord Tredegar it is understood will take place very shortly. The future bride is the daughter of the late Prince Serge Dolgorouky and the Princess Serge Dolgorouky, and a half sister of the Princess Nikita, of Russia. The Dolgorouky family is one with a history more ancient than that of even the Romanoffs. Lord Tredegar, who was formerly in the Welsh Guards, lived in the Vatican for some time as Privy Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword at the Papal Court. His family seat is Tredegar Park, Newport

# And the World said—



MISS DIANA CHESTER-MASTER COMES OUT

A house-party group at Lechlade Manor, where Captain and Mrs. E. Chester-Master gave a coming-out ball for their eldest daughter last week. Miss Diana Chester-Master, complete with bouquet, is seen in the front row. The other names are: Standing: Captain E. Chester-Master, Mr. Bill Moore, Mr. Gordon Alston, Mr. Jock Roderick, Mr. Raoul Robin, Mr. Eric Chatwood-Aiken, Mr. David Price, M.F.H. Sitting: Miss Rodcliff, Miss Sonja Chester-Master, Miss Betty Knox-Niven, Mrs. E. Chester-Master, and Miss Daphne Chester-Master

HEN someone, not knowing this is my fourth visit to the States, asked, "What are your impressions of New York?" I said, "I think your policemen simply wonderful," which is what movie stars are made to exclaim even before they walk the plank at Southampton. But having seen some of the specials at the World's Fair, I meant it. These well-built young men, evidently chosen for dimples and brawn, have picturesque hats half-way between the N.W.F.M.P. and London dustmen.

Impressionable ladies, from what Mrs. George Post Junior's butler calls sepulchrally "The other side," will certainly enjoy the World's Fair. So will business men because it is essentially a business proposition; a teeming "hive of a teeming live or industry," planned with superb, deadly efficiency by long-sighted statisticians, on a scale undreamt of in frontierbound war-wary Europe. Costing the Costing the earth (literally, as the Long Island site was mostly reclaimed swamp) it has as much soul as a vacuum cleaner. There is no art for art's sake discernible in its halffinished temples to the gods of speed and comfort, but much that is new, vital and exciting is springing up, like New York itself, only, unlike the City, the Fair promises few ex-terior beauties, perhaps because the buildings, with the exception of the Trylon, are streamlined



Photos: W. Dennis Moss

THE MASTER AT HIS HUNT BALL

Lord Bathurst (centre) with Lady Cripps, Sir Frederick Cripps's wife and Commander Yates at the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at Cirencester. Lord Bathurst is, as the fox-hunting world knows, one of the greatest living authorities on the breeding of fox-hounds, and his books on the subject are rightly regarded as standard works. During his term of mastership of his family pack he has done wonders in the kennel



LADY ASHLEY AND MR. D. E. C. PRICE, M.F.H.

Lord Ashley's charming young wife talking to the Master and Huntsman of the neighbouring Cricklade at Lord Bathurst's Hunt Ball, which filled the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, not long ago. It is the hardest possible luck that an outbreak of that dreaded scourge, foot and mouth disease should have brought activities of both V.W.H. packs to a

of both V.W.H. packs to a complete standstill. Mr. David Price (who has evidently been breaking himself up) took over the Cricklade last season

down to the ground, tied to their balance sheets after a hundred and fifty million dollars have been expended. But if this is the architecture of the future I would rather live in the present! The Trylon in any other country would be the great tower from which the curious take birds'-eye views; but it is not to be had for the climbing. With the Perisphere (a ball as big as a planet, or at least a satellite) it forms the theme centre of the Fair, but though two giant escalators will spill eight thousand people into the Perisphere every hour, the Trylon's func-tion is symbolic. I suppose going to the top of things is no treat to people familiar from infancy with skyscrapers, but to me this

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deprivation is a swizz. At least I can see it, away beyond the East River, from my window on the twenty-third floora silver toy in the cold winter sunlight-something to desire but not to touch. By lifting the receiver I can ask for anything else from an egg-nog to an elephant, and get it within the minute. Do they keep two of everything on every floor in case a visitor demands a raven, a writing desk, a cabbage and a king? As yet there is no American Arnold Bennett to tell us in a saga of Room Service, entitled Gone With the

Waiter or North Waldorf Passage.

The Fair has thrown up personalities; their names make news: ruddy Colonel Hogan, the Chief Engineer whose room in the Administration Building, is one large blueprint; dignified Mr. Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation; Mr. Frank Voorhees, the Chairman of the Board of Design, who assured me that General Motors' Pavilion (designed by the renowned Norman Bel Geddes) is not meant to look like the inside of a car (I still think it suggests what you find under the lid if you ever lift it) and, most dominant in the social field-Doctor Peter Hoguet, the Sir Louis Knuthsen of New York. Medical chief of the Fair, with eight thousand workmen to look after now, and six small hospitals or ambulance stations to equip, he has a lot of fun. Immense new ambulances are his brain children, complete with X-ray apparatus so that the patient cannot double-cross by claiming at a future date that he or she broke a leg when the

injury was only a sprained ankle. Nurses who look like "Die Walküre" wear azure cloth cloaks lined with coral—the Fair theme colours. Even the cafeteria, where several thousand will be able to eat ice cream and all the other things Americans eat simultaneously, is lacquered coral and blue, chair legs blue, table tops coral. But the swell place to eat is the Terrace Club at the end of Fountain Lake, not to be confused with the lagoons in front of the foreign pavilions. It costs five thousand dollars (over a thousand sterling to-day) to join for the season, and the decorations are in keeping with the price; copper walls (a hint to Lady Colefax); knotted pine table tops; acid yellow upholstered chairs mixed with sandy orange chairs against dark grey walls. Try this parlour I was interested to hear Lord Elgin had already been Although he must have round.

gasped at the size and the expenditure, he can have felt no need apologize to for the Glasgow Exhibition; a wonderfully homogeneous achievement conveying the spirit and energy of a small people to a remarkable extent. But the most remarkable thing, looking back at Glasgow, was the the way Scots of all degrees worked



MISS JANE KENYON SLANEY

The very pretty younger daughter of Captain Robert Kenyon-Slaney and Lady Mary Gil-mour, and granddaughter on the maternal side of the Governor of Northern Ireland and the Duchess of Abercorn, Miss Jane



The Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith, her German boxer dog, and Mr. Bruce Shand at a Cottesmore meet at Langham; a fine hunt of an hour and forty minutes from Ranksborough followed. Mrs. Murray Smith, younger daughter of Lord Burnham, lives at the Old Hall, Market Overton

together without friction. Edward Bruce, Lord Elgin, like Robert the Bruce, can be said to have "briefly united a people who have a genius for disunion." That is where the Americans improve on us, Scots and English alike. They work together with a will; give and take, showing unfailing courtesy not only to strangers but to each other. This tremendous exhibition of theirs will be well worth seeing; you'd better allow a month! But don't be appalled at the terrain to cover; buses will apply between the Plaza of Light (G.E.C.'s corner); Petticoat Lane (dress and textiles) and all other points, because Americans never walk-soon they will be born with feet only suited to stepping on the gas. When I worried about the impossibility of seeing all I wanted to they told me this story-Mrs. Roosevelt had a famous Chinaman on her right at a White House dinner. She found him a difficult neighbour; he would not even say yes or no, barely nodding in reply. She asked him about China without Kenyon-Slaney was success, and then talked about born in 1920 America. Still noglimmer.

Desperately, she asked, "And what do you think of the New Deal?" "Confucius said," he answered, "when rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

Elsa Maxwell, master hand at making people relax and enjoy themselves, had another new idea for her party in honour of Cole Porter (his leg out of plaster for the first time in eighteen months during which painful interlude he wrote two brilliant shows); Lady Patricia Ward and Mrs. Edgar Leonard, a cultivated American with a lovely place in Holland where guests stay in tulip time. The idea consisted of an armistice from 1 to 2 a.m. Men went to one end of the room, women to the other, and dressed themselves up (or down) with the aid of maids and valets in amusing properties provided by Elsa (whose recent



AT A CHARITY CHILDREN'S PARTY

Lady Glamis, her younger daughter, the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon, and her nephew, Mr. Lyttelton, at the Children's Party in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies held at the May Fair Hotel under the chairmanship of Lady Moira Lyttelton, and honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Lady Glamis, sister-in-law of H.M. the Queen, is Lady Moira Lyttelton's elder sister

Nassau, and the young Laird of

Keir, whose next stop is New Mexico, accompanied by sister Margaret. Children's parties are in

full swing, and the young Campbells of Kilbryde Castle head the list with crackers, streamers and character galore. Since Christmas Eve the House of Keir has sheltered

seventeen Stirling-Maxwells and Frasers, all kept in order by the

octogenarian Abbot, Sir David Hunter-Blair, and from the Border

comes the news that seventeenyear-old Patricia, eldest daughter

of General Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott

of Abbotsford, was the belle of a

ball given for just-grown-ups at Floors Castle, where the Duchess of Buccleuch's Lady Caroline was

much admired. And when hunting

turned to curling all over Caledonia, a Frenchwoman, seeing the game

people sweeping hot water bottles all over the ice and clamouring for

soup-what are they driving at?"

The Royal Academy gets full marks for the exhibition representing Scottish painting and life during

the last three hundred years, and

the private view drew the crowds. The early history of Scotland was

too warlike to be artistic, and it

was not until about 1800 that there

was an awakening to the beauties of

pictorial art, and what a great

moment that must have been with

Burns, Scott, Raeburn, Wilkie and

Thomson to show that Scotland

Raeburns, and so on through the

for the first time, remarked,

### And the World said-continued

contribution to the Anglo-American alliance was a get-together lecture tour which broke all records). Those rushing for pins and scissors included Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt (the Duke

of Marlborough's aunt by marriage); Mrs. Vincent Astor; tall "Terry" Phillips, who makes the perfect pampas beau; Simon Elwes; "Brady" Norman, of Newport' and his good-looking wife; Mrs. ("Bill") Woodward (he may lead in the Derby winner, Epsom not Kentucky); Mr. Frederick Lonsdale; Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne, who is down on her farm in Virginia these days; and Lady Williams-Taylor's much photographed grand daughter Miss Brenda Frazier, who had an all gold coming-out party. Her wonderful figure is admired in Victorian dresses which have no visible means of support. Brenda's looks caused as much excitement at the Bachelors' Cotillion in Baltimore as Merle Oberon would at an Oban Ball. This exclusive event breaks the hearts and social aspirations of those débutantes who are not asked. Held in the Lyric Theatre, the floor in front of the boxes is banked with flowers with which the fortunate debs have been bunched. There are old gold candelabra and the walls have been hung with the same yellow brocade since the first "German" as this annual is called. The atmosphere is delightfully formal and Quality Street. No smoking, and until this year no drinks except an insipid cup. Champagne was an innovation, and some Maryland mammas thought it fast. I am finishing this week's American commentary in the State of Illinois, at Chicago Station, where the sight of a pair of skis makes me wonder nostalgically whether Arnold Lunn is telling the "Downhill Only"

boys at Mürren about his American adventures. An American-Polish taxi-driver paid a nice tribute to "Arnie's" English. "It gives me quite a kick," he said, "to take you around, Professor—you've such a swell accent. Don't lose it,

Professor. Believe me, it's an asset, Professor." And the erudite Lunn promised to continue talking his picturesque Harrovian

The Riviera is still talking about the Monte Carlo Sporting Club New Year gala at which the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were literally mobbed; the Duchess looking charming in a black and gold lace crinoline, offset by emeralds and diamonds. Their party included the Evelyn Fitzgeralds (she ultra-smart in white): Lord and Lady Brownlow (her blonde colouring well set off by her black velvet dress) and Mr. Esmond Harmsworth. Also present were Lady Mendl, who made a grand entrance; Grand Duke Dmitri and Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes, yet another wearer of fashion's win-ter favourite, black velvet.

News from Scotland says Perthshire has almost gone to sleep since Mr. Snadden's victory over the "Red Duchess" who got much deserved sympathy for her gallant defence. It is not

generally known that graceful Mrs. McNair Snadden is the "best dressed woman" in Scotland and "at home" they are near neighbours and friends of the Muirs of Blair Drummond and the Youngers of Leckie. Lairds who are organizing their last pheasant shoots before cruising to warmer climes include the Forteviots, looking forward to

AT HOME AT CURRAGHMORE

Lady Waterford and her sons, Lord Waterford and Waterford and Lord Tristram Beresford, at the family place in County Waterford. The eighth Marquess of Waterford succeeded his father in 1934 when he was only a year old. He is related through his charming and popular mother

to Lord Crawford

could produce native artists with talent and genius. This muchheralded exhibition has gathered together all the aspects of Scottish art, arranged chronologically, the sequence of the rooms following historical development, from the Jamesons and Aikmans to the graceful Allan Ramsays, the powerful

A HUNTING CASUALTY: LADY RAVENSDALE

This photograph of Lady Ravensdale chatting to a friend was staken at the Cattistock Hunt Ball at Minterne, for which she stayed with the senior joint-Master and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higginson. The next morning she went hunting with the Cattistock and was unlucky enough to have a very bad fall, breaking some ribs and her collarbone, and getting concussed. She is in Dorchester County Hospital

More pictures of the Cattistock Ball next week

Orchardsons to the landscape painters and the Glasgow School. The "Stirling Heads," carved in oak, hint at the existence of a Renaissance even in the north, although sculpture was never very popular in Scotland, the racial love of colour prevented it being appreciated. Silver is also well represented, together with pewter and weapons from a very early date, and much of the silver is typically Scottish, such as the "Quaich," or drinking vessel, the thistle-shaped mug and the large broth spoon. Among those seen eyeing the treasures were the Dowager Lady Airlie, who might have slipped from a picture frame with her black velvet coat and broad-brimmed Gainsborough hat. Lady Cory was another picturesque figure in sapphire blue and wearing the interesting gold necklace and ear-rings from her Victorian collection of jewellery. Lady Illingworth struck a fashion note by wearing palest blue gloves and scarf with her black velvet suit.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR DALGETY

# AMONGST THOSE PRESENT AT THE SOUTHDOWN HUNT BALL



COLONEL AND MRS. G. GRIFFITH AND SIR GEORGE AND LADY COOPER RAWSON



LORD AND LADY GAGE



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. E. BEALE-BROWNE AND HIS DAUGHTER, ROSEMARY



LORD HAILSHAM, MISS VALERIE AND MISS LORNA BRUCE, LADY HAILSHAM AND (AT BACK) MR. KEITH MILLER-JONES



REAR-ADMIRAL AND MRS. T. P. H. BEAMISH



MRS. BARKLIE LAKIN AND LORD ELIBANK

The junior joint-Master of the Southdown, Captain F. W. Hartman, kindly lent his house, Northease, for this gay gathering, and as it is at Rodwell, near Lewes, it was a handy meet for most. The senior Master, Mr. Arthur Dalgety (since 1929) is a great enthusiast, and it has been said of him that he catches foxes for a longer period than even the Beaufort. He was a 9th Lancer, and another one at the ball was Brigadier-General Beale-Browne (seen above with pretty young daughter). He is the Squire of Middleham Ringmer. The Law (also the arm of the Law) was in heavy force—a former Lord Chancellor, and below Mr. Breffit, the Chief Constable for East Sussex, looking most appropriately alert. Sir Cooper Rawson, in the centre group at the top, is the Member for Brighton, and has been so since 1922. During the war the Senior Service attracted him (R.N.D. and R.N.V.R.), and another sailor who is in the House, is Rear-Admiral Hamilton Beamish, who is the member for Lewes. Lord and Lady Gage are staunch Southdowners, and live at Firle Place, Lewes, and Lord Elibank, Lord Lieutenant of Peeblesshire, was caught when supping with Mrs. Lakin whose husband is a kinsman of the present baronet,



MR. AND MRS. BREFFIT SITTING OUT

THE TATLER [No. 1960, JANUARY 18, 1939



LILY PONS WITH MR. AND MRS. EDWARD G. ROBINSON

Lily Pons of course needs no introduction to the music world, but a fact that is not generally known is that Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson are both keen music lovers. In his latest film I Am the Law he plays a completely new rôle, that of a hard-working family man on the side of law and order, who with a small band of followers proceeds to capture every gangster in the town, using the most ingenious schemes

SEE that a great deal of fuss is being made about the actor to play the part of Edgar Wallace in a film to be made out of that remarkable man's life. And at once the question arises: which Edgar does the film intend to portray? Very few men have changed in their lifetime as much as Edgar changed. He did not alter in the normal way of altering; he underwent a series of metamorphoses. To judge from his photographs, Edgar in his youth was tall and slim and would have fitted exactly into that cricket team which, under the Hon. Ivo Bligh, made the first visit to Australia. Indeed, I do not think that any of his friends, shown one of those early photographs, would have recognized Edgar. Then as he got older he appeared to become shorter, probably due to the acquisition of enormous breadth. The impression became that of a little man who was big all over, like an outsized Napoleon. If I were asked to put into a single word the mental impression I always had of Edgar, that single word would be ascendancy. He would dominate any party of which he was a member. The list of the actors who have been considered for the part makes amusing reading, and here one must lay down a law which is insufficiently recognized, the law which puts a limit to the powers of even the greatest character actor. It is the same law which forbade Henry Irving from looking obtuse, or Ellen Terry charmless. I take it that the new film must as to the greater part of it present Edgar as we knew him in his last days. In other words, a shortish, immensely broad man of complete ascendancy.

The first of the actors proposed is Mr. Cecil Parker, who possesses most of the physical attributes, including the nose. But in my view Mr. Parker is straightway put out of court by his air of breeding, which would still, I think, be apparent if he covered himself with loam, soot, and coal dust and pretended to be a dustman. If, for example, he were to play Eliza Doolittle's father in *Pygmalion*. In this question of origin the parallel with Napoleon holds particularly, and greatly though I admire Mr. Parker I just cannot think that he is the man. Next comes Mr. George Curzon, a player of very considerable talent, but whose characters always suggest that they are living on their nerves. There was nothing of this about Edgar, who looked about as nervous as the Royal Agricultural Society's champion bull. It will be useless for members of Edgar's family to write informing me that he was a mass of jitters from morning till night. The point is that his appearance did not suggest jitters Whereas that very nervous intensity which is Mr. Curzon's forte never suggests anything else. The third proposal most frequently made

## THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

### A Helping Hand

has been Mr. Ralph Richardson, who wouldn't look the part and whose personality is diametrically opposite to that of Edgar. The main asset of Mr. Richardson as an actor is his genius for implying unassuming worth, whereas Edgar's note was the truculent carriage of the soldier of fortune.

It is now up to me to suggest an alternative player or players, and I have two in mind. The first is Mr. Aubrey Dexter, a brilliant actor who would perfectly suggest a castle built on something less than the finest rock. Mr. Dexter would be my second choice. My first would be Mr. Frank Cellier, one of the best actors on the English stage and one too consistently overlooked. The physical resemblance is already, and could be made even more, extraordinary. There is the essential suggestion of weight and mass, the implication of the quick-moving mind in the slowmoving body, and the air of immense potential energy. There is the figure of the man greedy for life and experience, the full paunch of your Dumas or your Balzac. Yes, I do not think that Mr. Cellier would have to act Edgar; he would just be my old friend, and that, after all, is what the film wants! But

I know exactly what is going to happen. The company projecting this film will engage Mr. Curzon to play Edgar in his Ivo Bligh period, Mr. Richardson to enact him when he is making his way in Fleet Street, and Mr. Parker to pose as the Edgar Wallace we all remember. And then there will be a pre-view or something of the sort, and the voice of some innocent little child will ring throughout the stuffy little cubby hole in which such previews take place. "Daddy!" the child will say. "Why isn't it the same gentleman?" Whereupon £100,000 worth of film will be scrapped, and in despair a cable will be sent to Mr. W. C. Fields.

It is odd that the leading figure in the film I have just been to see at the Regal should be Mr. Edward G. Robinson, who, apart from the fact that he doesn't look in the least like Edgar, conveys exactly the right note of bumptious insouciance—a bumptiousness which Edgar was entirely unaware of and did not mean, and an insouciance which he never really felt! Edward G.'s new film, I Am The Law, would be very good indeed if it were not so overdone.

He plays the part of a college professor and lecturer in jurisprudence who undertakes to free a city of its gangsters. But the job isn't so easy, because the City Fathers are themselves the chief racketeers. However, it is all very exciting until the professor engages his own students to act as a kind of amateur G-Men. At which point the audience on the night I attended burst into uncontrolled laughter. Now, you cannot laugh and be frightened at the same time, and therefore this film must, on the whole, be said to fail, though the first half of it held one in some suspense.

What is there about Edward G. Robinson which makes

What is there about Edward G. Robinson which makes him such a fascinating figure? He is, to look at, an ugly, rather common little man. In spite of which, whenever he is on the screen your eyes never leave him. But then the same applies to that other striking figure: whenever Edgar Wallace was in a room one generally found oneself attending to him and to no one else.

This has, I think, a little to do with magnetism, which nobody can explain, something to do with charm, which nobody can define, and everything to do with whatever it is that we mean by a compelling personality. At the same time, if the film company concerned had any desire for my advice, I should propose to tell them to leave the Edgar Wallace film alone.

When all is said and done and written, Edgar was a great man, and in my view it is a little too soon to begin turning him into money.

J.A.

### JUMPING IN THE MUD



MR. AND MRS. F. BROWN AND LORD ACTON—WINNING OWNER

MR. DE TRAFFORD AND

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE



MR. A. C. BROUGHAM AND MISS BETTYNE EVERARD





MRS. TONY BELLVILLE AND MISS MONTAGUE





COMMANDER AND MRS. WRIGHT AND MISS AUDREY BATES



MR. HARRY COTTRILL AND LADY DARESBURY

Leicester was a fine test of stamina, for it was almost deep enough to make a mile half as long again! Mrs. (Camille Clifford) Evans ought therefore to be shaking hands with herself after Royal Mail's good pipe-opener over two miles with twelve stone on his back. He won anyhow. Lord Acton and his trainer (and wife) all look very pleased with themselves. It was just after Perfect Part had won the Harrington 'Chase at 100 to 30, trouncing the much-fancied Dinton Lad by ten lengths, Miss Audrey Bates, seen in conclave with the Navy and consort, is well known in the Pytchley domain. Lady Willoughby de Broke and her lordship, former Master of the Warwickshire, do not miss many meetings. Mrs. Tony Bellville had the disappointment of seeing her husband's Roman Hackle beaten a head by young Mr. Budgett's Culamis in the Stayers' Hurdle Race on the first day. The horse started at a short price. Mr. Harry Cottrill, the famous trainer, was making his first appearance without crutches since his bad accident with the Quorn last season. Someone's kicker smashed a leg for him. Lady Daresbury—a more or less recent casualty, has made a marvellous recovery. It sounded as bad a fall as Lord Beatty's. She had a runner in the Evington Selling 'Chase on the first day but it was down the course



A HIGH PEAK HARRIER PICTURE

The Duchess of Devonshire wishing her younger son, Lord Andrew Cavendish, a safe journey over that fierce High Peak country. This was at a meet of these hounds in The Square, Bakewell, Derbyshire. The photograph makes the steed look as if he were unshod

### Leicestershire Letter.

URING the interval between the two periods of snow, the Cottesmore registered another very good day on Tuesday. Many of their followers think that this is the best season ever, and the same may be said of the Quorn and the Belvoir. Last year the Belvoir were unlucky, several of their Saturdays being spoiled by blizzards, but this year they have had some very good Saturdays in the Vale, when the Fernie and the Cottesmore could not hunt at all on the hills.

This last snow lay about four inches deep, but it vanished in less than thirty-six hours and it is to be hoped that we shall have no more, as hunting, with the exception of four days' respite in the middle, has been stopped for the best part of three weeks.

Donnie threw a party at Friar's Well on Saturday, which went with a swing. And no one was hurt. The Melton crowd

must be getting tamer as well as smaller. The Quorn and the Pytchley are advertising for new Masters. What a shock!

### From the Fernie.

he after-the-Ball meet at The after-the-Ball meet Frisby-by-Gaulby on Saturday was a great disappointment to the many who forgathered on the snow at this desolate spot. Peaker had brought hounds on, but balling was so bad in horses' hoofs that it was deemed necessary to call the day off. At the wait there was much larking amongst the younger set, one pink-coated Nimrod giving an acrobatic performance in the snow. The Hazlerigg brothers looked in fighting trim and ready to go on at any cost if hunting had been permissible. The hatless lovelies were bright and breezy, showing no trace of late hours. We were pleased to see Peter Beatty visiting his old pack again and sorry there was no hunting for him. Fortunately, we were able to hunt on Monday after meeting at Saddington, when a very large field was out, including visitors from the Beaufort, North Warwickshire, and as far off as Hong Kong. weather was cold and bleak and

From the Shires and Provinces

the wait on the summit of John Ball anything but pleasant. However, a fox eventually took us away across the old pointto-point course in the Saddington vale which warmed things up a bit. There were several mud-caked garments noticeable, as many as five loose horses being seen at one time, but with the going deep and hazardous and horses over eager after the long rest no wonder grief was prevalent. Lady Cromwell's horse went sick and was sent home, leaving this keen rider to witness with vexation hounds going on. A bad scenting day in atrocious weather sent most of us home after a slow hunt round the Gumley country. Our Thursday fixture for Great Stretton was stopped for the second time by frost and snow.

### From the Pytchley.

Yet another week of ice and snow has succeeded in breaking into the hunting season, the meet at Kelmarsh Hall being cancelled. Hounds were able to hunt on the Monday from Walcot with great success: a long fast hunt from some kale near the village was seen by very few people, and many followers were seen wandering around the country in small parties. It was quite late in the afternoon by the time hounds found again in Holcot Covert. The cold was by then unbearable, but a few of the die-hards hung on and evidently enjoyed a nice gallop.

A nice bit of tobogganing and skating was accomplished during the week. Rotten luck for the poor children who go back to school soon.

Many congratulations to Cicely and Henry on their engagement; we wish them all happiness.

### From the Heythrop.

If such a thing could be possible, conditions this week have been worse than those of its predecessor and we have made a very bad start to the New Year. Out of the four days, there were three dies-nons and hunting dies one, and this was at Pomfret Castle on Monday, January 2, when conditions were far from ideal with a bitter north wind and snow showers; but, considering everything, it was quite an enjoyable day. Our first fox from Swerford provided a sitting-on-a-drawing-pin sort of hunt-i.e., a short, sharp burst. It is most surprising how much damage can be done in this type of hunt as there were several nasty mishaps. One of the senior, if not the most

senior, of our male members came down rather heavily, but took it all very lightly, and it seems that something wetter than water can only damp his ardour. Our latest M.P. also lost his seat, and his horse confided to us that, like all of us, he was rather overtaxed in negotiating some stiff timber: the youngest member of the Whitaker family, who tills the soil, will soon soil the till if he treats his coat to many more mud-baths. Of the South Newington brothers, we noted that the eldest is now promoted to the full regalia of man's estate, so there will be a spare billy-cock for the youngest.

### The Warwickshire.

What a heaven-sent oasis in our desert of frost and snow was the Upton House New Year's Eve party. "Better than ever' was everyone's verdict, and those of us who remember all, or most of the foregoing ones, know what a big thing that means. Walter and Dorothybless them-have the welcoming faculty to a super degree and directly you were inside you felt the atmosphere of it and how loath we all were to "pack up."
(Continued on page 108)



WITH THE SOUTH DUBLIN HARRIERS Poole: Dublin

Captain D. J. Corry with his wife and sons, Donal and Liam, at a recent meet at Lucan Spa, the morning after their Hunt Ball. Captain Corry is just back from the States with the Eire Army's equitation team. They had a very successful time, and it would not be very wide of the truth to say as usual, for their record is a grand one

LADY NEVILLE, FROM SLOLEY HALL, AND LORD HASTINGS

### A GAY HARRIER BALL IN NORTH NORFOLK



MR. JOHN DANIEL AND MISS CLAUDIA GAYE



MISS CHRISTINE GREEN, MR. C. B. SAVORY AND MISS SYLVIA MARRIOTT



SIR THOMAS AND LADY COOK, THE NORTH NORFOLK MASTERS



MR. ROBERT PERKINS, M.P. (STROUD DIVISION), AND LADY COKE



MRS. PETER FINCH AND MR. ROBERT HOARE, M.F.H.

Harriers Master, the Lord Hastings, who had them from 1899 to 1902. Miss

Claudia Gaye is a cousin of the Master. The West

Norfolk Master moved up

in support, as may be observed. Mr. Robert Hoare succeeded a very difficult

man to follow in Colonel

Oliver Birkbeck. The country, with its banks and wide ditches, is not

unlike parts of Ireland, and a steed that will ""mind himself" is eminently desirable. It is a grand

place for a bit of fun, plus

excitement

There are only two packs of hounds in Norfolk, and Sir Thomas and Lady Cook command one of them, these North Norfolk Harriers which were started by Lord Suffield. The only other pack is the West Norfolk Foxhounds, the only pack in the British Isles, bar the Isle of Wight, out in the blue by itself. The ball was at Master's house, Sennowe Park. Lady Neville, wife of Sir Reginald Neville, who came over from Sloley Hall, is talking to the descendant of a former North Norfolk



FIVE AT A SITTING Miss Peggy Hancock, Mr. Tom Harvey, Miss Bet Barclay, Mr. Simon Maffey and Miss Nancy Elwes

d'Ora. Paris

The renowned novelist and playwright snapshotted outside his Le Touquet house, Low Wood. It is not, perhaps, in everyone's knowledge

Wood. It is not, perhaps, in everyone's knowledthat, in addition to his enormous output in books, P. G. Wodehouse has been part author and writer of the lyrics of eighteen musical comedies; one of them with Ian Hay and another with Guy Bolton

is good for the soul. I dare say we should have the same battle within ourselves if we made bad resolutions. It seems we cannot get away from the meaning of good and evil which lies rooted within us. We just can't rise to sudden conversions and stay there—or, rather, we may rise, but flop we do. Maybe both the rise and the flop do us good. The rise is like a good spring-cleaning of the soul; the flop proves that we cannot be quite ourselves in this perfunctory spick-and-span manner, and that if merely we keep our copybook moderately clean we shall not have done so badly. Anyway, we shall not be puffed up with that arid pride which, during Lent, declares it never takes sugar in its tea!-always, to my mind, the most absurd form of religionism. Fate puts so seldom any sugar in our cup of tea that I don't believe in encouraging it. Help yourself to the sugar while the basin is passing by is my motto—unless, peradventure, there is some better claimant for the sugar.

So I have long given up the illusory satisfaction of making good

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Two New Year's Novels.

ULL of Christmas farewhich, incidentally, accords so ill with Christmas goodwill and eventually routs it the day after Boxing Dayand equally full of good resolutions, I face the coming of 1939. Not that 1939 looksparticularly amiable at first sight, but, on the principle that the unknown always appears more sympathetic than the known, it resembles radiance beside 1938whom most of us have bowed out, itching to pull its long grey beard. On the other hand, good resolutions are always inspiring. Why we make them I cannot say, since invariably we break them. I suppose the moral tussle

resolutions. I have always found that the moment you turn over a completely new leaf a hurricane blows up and away goes the leaf. Like turning over the pages of a newspaper on a dead-calm day, which is a sure sign that, so long as you are struggling to accomplish your desire, the wind will blow! Anyway, the prospect of 1939, so far, looks merely a persuasion to seize the sugar whenever a lump drops from somewhere into the bowl. It may not pass your way again! So let it do you all the good it can while it is on its travels. However, I suppose, after the physical celebrations of Christmas, the moral celebration of good resolutions in the new year is comforting—like paying back a kindly fate for its gift of plum-pudding! But it is strange how seldom the universal goodwill of Christmas-surely one of the finest good resolutions to keep in the new year—survives the twelfth mincepie! New Year resolutions are usually of an entirely different brand. They concern ourselves alone. We, ourselves, hope to benefit by them. We regard them with suitable earnestness. We put off performing them until New Year's Day. There seems more magic about then. And, indeed, it requires magic if we are to keep them up even to mid-January. After which it is very nice to remember that greatness lies in the effort rather than in the accomplishment; and any kind of effort, we are told, is good for us, especially if it be a disagreeable one. Sometimes I wonder why. An evening over the fireside, blissfully lazy, always makes me feel much better—all the better, in fact, if I feel that I ought to have put on, metaphorically, armour and gone out and done something really worth while. Those worth-while things, a list of which always seems to be in the hands of other people and which they love to flourish under our noses. flourish so often and so vigorously that, if we are not very careful, we fail to make our own list for ourselves alone.

So we are caught in the mesh of other people's lives and ideas and our own theories of happiness are dismally relegated to an after-life, where, let us hope, there will be many opportunities of doing nothing whatsoever—and doing it in peace. In the meanwhile disappointing experience has shown me that the only chance to be happy is to seize the happy moment and, if it really hurts nobody very profoundly, enjoy it to the full. It's no good planning for a possible repetition of opportunity to-morrow. It is never the same, even though it looks identical, especially when

the chance comes of what I call a "happy truancy." Life is so full of dull duties—social duties, professional duties, minor moral duties—that when a white lie will deliver (and most white lies are moral in themselves, since they are usually uttered to avoid hurting somebody's feelings), I have become an adept at delivering them gaily. Morally they may be wrong, but then so are many of the blows which fate delivers to us without either an apology or a compensation. Yet you are supposed to pat fate on the back when it hits you below the belt or kicks you when you're down, and to believe that it is all to the good of your spiritual welfare-at least, other people like to point that moral. You yourself hold grave doubts—about some of the kicks, anyway. So the older you grow the more keen you become to catch fate napping, or get in with a brief happiness before it can turn it mouldy.

Consequently, the other evening, instead of going out to dine and to talk with great animation about nothing very much, I gave myself a "touch of 'flu" over the telephone—since I knew that would freeze the warmest welcome—drew the curtains between myself and a rain-drenched, windswept world, (Continued on page 104)



MISS FRANCES PITT, M.F.H., AND MAJOR
ROWLAND HUNT

At the Wheatland Hunt Ball, of which many more pictures on another page. Miss Frances Pitt, who has been Master and joint-Master of the Wheatland since 1929, is the famous author of a series of delightful animal stories and also of the excellent articles on bird and animal life which appear weekly in the Evening News. Mr. Rowland Hunt. a great Shropshire personality, was Master of the Wheatland 1888-98

### ON TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK



AT 5, GROSVENOR SQUARE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT DANCING WITH LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN



CAPTAIN LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND LADY PORTARLINGTON TAKE THE FLOOR TOGETHER



CAPTAIN MICHAEL ADEANE AND HIS BRIDE ABOUT TO SET OFF FOR THEIR RECEPTION



LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE AT THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE LUNCHEON: MR. SCHOENFELD AND MR. ANTHONY EDEN

Here is news in pictures of three London events of January 10. The one with which H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was concerned was the very splendid Ball held in aid of the Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary at 5, Grosvenor Square, home of the Ball chairman, rich and charitable Miss Rachel Parsons. Beforehand, Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten and his wife gave a dinner-party for the Duke at their vast "conning-tower" in Park Lane, which is reached by London's speediest lift. Lady Portarlington was a fellow guest. St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was crowded to the doors for the marriage of Captain Michael Adeane, Coldstream Guards, to Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chetwynd-Stapylton, Hertfordshire well-knowns. Captain Adeane, only son of the late Captain H. R. A. Adeane and of the Hon. Mrs. Adeane, is Assistant Private Secretary to H.M. the King. And now turn to the guest of honour at the luncheon given by London's American Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Anthony Eden, who had the first Secretary of the American Embassy on his right, was naturally not allowed to escape speech-making. In alluding to his recent visit to the States, Mr. Eden spoke once again of the importance of close understanding between America and England, who, though their points of view may differ, have an identity of principles, as President Roosevelt's speech made plain

### WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

took the receiver down from the telephone stand, piled on the coal, wondered why so many Scottish people, with a good fire and a good book, living in a storm-tossed world, and the only alternative a "balloon" party, feel lonely when alone even on Hogmanay night. I shouldn't. In fact, I didn't. In a quiet, yet profound, way I enjoyed myself. I had two of the new year's publications beside me and they were the more companionable for the reason that I knew if I didn't find them interesting or amusing I needn't read them—not that evening, anyway. Happily, I found one of them highly entertaining in parts if not all the way through, and the other absorbingly interesting from beginning to end.

other absorbingly interesting from beginning to end.

The first was Sylvia Thompson's new novel, "The Adventure of Christopher Columin" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.);

the latter, Henry Handel Richardson's biography of the Wagner - Hans von Bülow eternal triangle, "The Young Cosima" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), told as a story, and told brilliantly. Let us, however, begin with Christopher Columin. His adventure has something of Wodehouse and he, himself, is something of Locke's beloved vagabond, but both are much more amusing when actually they resemble neither. Early in the story, for example, when the "intellectual" ladies of the women's club in the town of Green Plains, U.S.A., assemble to hear a lecture by a young local author, who had left them a nobody and had returned a celebrity on the strength of a best-seller. This early chapter promised to be the prelude of a story composed in the delightful manner of sly comedy. Alas! when the intellectually snobbish Mrs. Columin had begun to feel that she alone could be the famous author's Egeria—and as it paid him very well to let her think so, he eagerly accepted her in-spiration—the story began to take another and more wellworn turn. Christopher, who, until then, had been the super-dutiful husband, tenderly henpecked, allows his wife to obtain a divorce so that she can marry her author, and, himself, leaves for Europe in the Queen Mary. In England he advertises for relations, finds them in the family of a jolly clergyman living in Cornwall, and presently, when he has become one of the family too, takes two of the attractive

children, boy and girl, and begins a tour of Europe in what I will call the luxurious yagabondage style.

Here he meets all kinds of bright adventure and brightly adventurous people—most of them being decidedly what they appear not—the people, I mean. Eventually he also attains fame by discovering a sea-submerged statue of Venus, which is not so Greek as the experts believe. Well, let me add, it is all very gay—and, at least, Christopher is never quite such a play-acting bore as Locke's beloved vagabond. Amusing, too, if you can find prolonged amusement in characters which are all cut to the pattern of bright fancy, and will afford most readers a pleasant evening's entertainment.

### Biography as Novel.

Henry Handel Richardson's "The Young Cosima" is, however, a book to be taken seriously. The author has treated the strange emotional triangle of Wagner,

Hans von Bülow and Cosima Liszt and told it in the form of a story. Yet, although it is written thus, it is nevertheless a biography, since "every idea and every fact that can be verified from first sources has been verified." The supreme achievement, however, is that each of these world-famous people, and the others who flit in and out of the story, appear alive and actual, so that one believes in them absolutely. A terrifically difficult problem, surely, when a writer is dealing with men of genius, or of near-genius! Yet, in this unusual and quite remarkable book, Wagner appears as it is easy to believe he appeared to his own friends, and the characters of von Bülow and Cosima, to say nothing of Liszt, are a completely satisfying reality. Her own version of the reasons which eventually brought Wagner and Cosima von Bülow together are reasonable,

and so probable. Yet I have an uncomfortable feeling that it wasn't quite the "Tristan und Isolde" affair which it appears, or, perhaps, I am too cynical; but it struck me as being highly convenient when Cosima declared her love almost immediately after Wagner had received all those extraordinary marks of young King Ludwig's favour, which secured for him wealth and fame earlier than they otherwise might have come to him. Some women can always love success when they see it, and in her quiet, apparently self-effacing way, Cosima was ambitious - not for herself first, but for the man she could love.

And her husband, von Bülow. had disppointed her. He was a near-genius, and a neargenius suffers all the emotional torment of genius with the added torture of being frustrated of full expression. He was enthusiastic and he was weak. Wagner battened upon both his enthusiasm and his friendship. Von Bülow was his slave. What genius he, Hans, possessed, was, probably, frittered away on earning his own living and giving all his time and musical knowledge to the service of Wagner, his idol. No wonder Cosima began to tire. From being disappointed she began to despise. realised that neither her husband's remarkable talents her nor her fostering of them would ever get him anywhere. She began to feel lonely, and as von Bülow, realising that he was a failure, began also to be

more and more irritable and difficult, her affections turned to Wagner, their friend, who, at least, knew where he was going, and had a boisterous sense of humour which appeared witty beside her morose, nervewracked husband. His genius and her sense of domestic frustration drew them together. They became lovers. A child, of which Wagner was the father, was born. Love such as theirs is insulted by subterfuge. It has to come boldly into the open, risking censure—even inviting it.

So we leave her at the end of this absorbing true story, "pale, trembling, exhausted, but unshrinking; for she had heard what she believed to be a 'call,' had found her lifework, and whether she went towards it in joy or in pain was not hers to decide." Yet this brief outline can only give the merest glimpse of the human and historical interest of this biography-cum-novel. Not for a long time have I read a book which absorbed me more completely, or killed stone dead any outside interest until I had finished reading the last page.



THE HON. MRS. VERNEY

Fayer

The attractive wife of Major Gerald Verney, Grenadier Guards. The Hon. Mrs. Verney—Miss Joyce Vivian Smith before her marriage in 1926—is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Bicester and daughter-in-law of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney. Her husband is G.S.O. for Weapon Training on the staff of the General Officer Commanding London District, and they live in Herbert Crescent

# AT WORK AND PLAY—IN HOLLYWOOD



LORETTA YOUNG AND DAVID NIVEN TREAD A MEASURE



MARGARET SULLAVAN-RATED THE SCREEN'S BEST, 1938



BING CROSBY, SOME CELERY—AND A WIFE, DIXIE LEE. (ON RIGHT) ROSALIND RUSSELL

Margaret Sullavan was awarded Hollywood's laurel crown for her distinguished performance in *Three Comrades*, the film on Remarque's "aftermath-of-war" book. Robert Taylor, Robert Young, and Franchot Tone were the three male leads in a wonderful production. Rosalind Russell was pictured just after her return to Hollywood. Consequent upon her fine performance in *The Citadel*, which is now drawing all London to the Empire in Leicester Square, Dr. A. J. Cronin is said to be writing a special film-story for her—and she deserves it. Bing Crosby put that bit of celery in his mouth specially for the benefit of the photographer, and to the obvious amusement of his pretty consort





H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS ON THE CAGNES LINKS

His Majesty travelled incognito to the Alpes Maritimes under the title of the Count de Rethy, thus escaping all official formality. The King and the Queen Mother have both been golfing on the Cagnes course

THE United States Golf Association have been discussing at their annual meeting a number of questions that are of much interest to golfers all over the world. As a body, they profess a certain degree of allegiance to St. Andrews, but they are fond of experimenting on their own account. Some consider such an attitude rebellious, but not, I fancy, the Royal and Ancient, who are themselves a slow-moving body, and probably welcome the existence of an organisation like the U.S.G.A., from whose mistakes and general experience they can profit. "Try it out on the dog" is, perhaps,

it out on the dog " is, perhaps, their sentiment — or rather, "Let the dog try it out on himself."

For the past year the dog has been trying out a variation of the stymie rule, whereby the nearer ball is lifted when it is within six inches of the hole as well as when it is within six inches of the other ball. This rule, it is said, has worked satisfactorily and is to be given another year's trial—but I cannot believe that it solves the problem. Three main schools of thought hold views on the stymic question. One says "Abolish it altogether"; another says "Retain it as a traditional part of the game"; while the third wants a compromise to leave all self-laid stymies and abolish those laid by the other fellow. For myself, I am much inclined to favour the last of these. I have seen, as an impartial observer, two of the wickedest, most senseless stymies ever laid in golf. Johnny Fischer, the American, was concerned in both: the villain in the first, the victim in the second. At the thirty-fourth hole of the United States final at Garden City he prevented Jack McLean from becoming two up with two to play by laying him a dead stymie with a half-heeled putt when McLean was virtually dead in three: then in our own championship this year he very nearly holed for a three at the nineteenth, only to be left a dead stymic on the edge of the hole by the ultimate winner, Charles Yates. Both these occurrences seemed to me a complete travesty of the game, and in neither case could the victim have done anything to prevent it. You may say

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

that learning to loft a stymie is part of the game. I simply don't agree.

No one has ever learnt to do it with any consistent degree of success yet.

On the other hand, I do think the self-laid stymie should stay. Let me quote an instance I saw at uncomfortably close range the other day in the President's Putter tournament at Rye. I was playing Kenneth Scott, and at the fifth hole his ball lay a couple of inches from the lip of the hole, on my right-hand side. I had a putt of some five yards for a win, with a slight left-hand borrow. It was clear that there was one thing not to do, and that

left-hand borrow. It was clear that there was one thing not to do, and that was to let my putt fade away behind his ball. If I had spent the whole morning at it I do not think I could have stymied myself more finally and more conclusively than I did. It was almost as if the ball had eyes and waited until it had rolled exactly behind his ball before coming to rest. I lost the hole, my temper, the ball (through hitting it away into the long grass beside the next tee), and the match by one hole. The memory of it is bitter, beside the next tee), and the match by one hole. The memory of it is bitter, but if ever a stymie was deserved, this one was. Abolish such stymies as this, and the game must surely lose something of its character.

The fourteen-club rule, say the U.S.G.A., is working well, and they are quite satis-

fied with it. Having seen it duly tried out on the dog, the Royal and Ancient have now

adopted it, and soon it will apply to us all—making, as I prophesy, not the slightest difference to any one of us, except, in isolated cases, the caddie.

Negotiations, it is reported, are proceeding with a view to seeding the draw in the championships whenever a visiting Walker Cup team is competing-a suggestion which strikes me as admirable. Indeed, I would go farther, and seed the draw every year, but that is another matter. •It is always depressing to see two members of a visiting team having to cut each other's throats in the early stages of a championship. Yates and Fischer, for instance, 3000 miles from home, had to play each other at eight o'clock on a grey morning at Troon in the first round of this year's championship-a match which, at that stage, gave little pleasure to anyone, least of all the two competitors.



AT THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER AT RYE The smiling faces are (l. to r.) Mrs. John Morrison, he smiling faces are (I. to r.) Mrs. John Morrison, better known to golfers, perhaps, as Miss Cradock-Hartopp; Mr. Bernard Darwin, the great golfing authority; and Mr Walter N. Lowe, all taking a good, hard look at the famous implement which was won by J. O. H. Greenly (Trinity, Oxford), who beat D. H. R. Martin (Oriel, Oxford) by 4 and 3



THE INDIAN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP IN CALCUTTA

Sir Henry Birkmyre, the runner-up, and Mr. T. S. Prosser, the winner, who is now the All-India amateur champion for the third time. The course is on the Calcutta Maidan, and is dead level

### GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



SHOOTERS HILL GOLF CLUB-By "MEL"

Golf has been played on Shooters Hill since 1903, when a course of nine holes was opened. In 1907 a full eighteen-hole course was laid out by Willie Park, and some years later the freehold of the land was purchased by the Club. Progress was delayed by the Great War, but in 1924 the mansion of Lowood and an additional twenty-five acres of land adjoining the old course were bought, and then the Club began to make a bid for recognition as a high-class course, with the added attractions of its unique position, its associations, and its health-giving air. The course was entirely remodelled to accord with modern ideas and ideals, and to-day it presents a first-class test of golfing ability. The greens are admirably designed to call for accurate approach play, and with natural hazards abounding, play is consequently more interesting and sporting than when flat fields are "bunkered" into a golf-course

### FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES-(Contd. from p. 100)

From the Warwickshire (continued).

Some of us-in fact, quite a lot-had hunted that day in snow so deep that you couldn't tell what was grass, plough, or arable, simply because the executive hate to disappoint and are not easily defeated, and because the old year had to be hunted out somehow.

Betrothals are in the air. Frost, snow and Christmas combine to provide time for consideration of such matters, and then something like the Hogmanay party, perhaps, puts the finishing touch to it. Anyhow, great happiness to all We much hope four-all foxhunters of no mean repute. that our very welcome visitor of these last few seasons will persuade his Pytchley bride-to-be to throw in her hunting lot with us for a change. Kathleen, we trust, will never forsake us, and he, so far, seems to have taken very kindly to this country.

A grievous thing that gallant Sheila is laid by-they fear for the rest of the season. No one often jumps bigger fences when hounds run, but, as so often happens to that sort, it was just a small one that laid her low.

### From the Grafton.

Since all forms of sport have been relegated to snow and ice during the past week, this will only be a short letter. Last Monday the meet was at Green's Norton, and possibly being just before the frost, hounds ran fast all day and there was a screaming scent. The Boxing Day fixture at Towcester having been cancelled by weather conditions, the same coverts were drawn. Finding at once in Bairstow's Gardens, they ran fast past Duncote nearly to Potcote; the fox, turning right back, went through Ascote Thorns and was marked to ground. They then went on to draw Grubb's Copse, and, finding immediately, ran on a screaming scent up-wind. Leaving Seawell on the left, they crossed the Lichborough road and, with a great cry, ran through Lichborough Spinneys and to Mantle's Heath, where they turned down-wind and slowed up through Knightley's Wood and Hayne's Gorse and killed their fox in a garden at Lodge Farm, Preston Capes, after a tip-top hunt of fifty-five minutes (really fast) and a four-mile point. There was not a big field out, but all who were voted it one of the best hunts this season.

### From Lincolnshire.

Oport had only just been resumed when another heavy batch of snow and severe frost—even worse than beforeforced hunting people into a further spell of idleness. Happily, however, the blast lasted less than a week, a rise of 25 degrees in the temperature doing the trick, so that, at the time of writing, there is every prospect of the children having their postponed meets before returning to school.

On the day before the arctic weather set in, the Belvoir just managed to hunt from Stragglethorpe Hall, but, with much flood and ice in the Vale, the going was exceedingly treacherous. Luckily, hounds put up a fox which obligingly took them up the hill to Leadenham, and then across the heath to Chaplin's Gorse-a five-mile point in just under sixty minutes. The Burton also ran an eight-mile point and covered more than twice that distance after meeting at Wragby. Two first-class gallops these and snatched only just in time before we were obliged to cry "halt."

### From the York and Ainsty.

Not for many years has the Nun Appleton country provided such a hunt as that of Tuesday, January 3. sharp overnight frost made the roads so precarious that most people didn't think it wise to risk either their horses or themselves, and in the end the field numbered only about fifteen. With a strong sun the frost softened enough to make hunting possible by twelve o'clock, and one of Sir Ben Dawson's foxes was found at once in Stone Bridge covert at Nun Appleton. Running first towards Bolton Percy, hounds came round between Appleton Roebuck and Nun Appleton and, after pointing for Acaster Malbis, ran through Brocket Hagg, past Colton Brecks, and over the railway for Colton village. After hunting on by Steeton and Bolton Percy station, they recrossed the railway and had a very narrow escape from an express train near Brumber Hill. Running back past Appleton village they carried on to the River Ouse, between Stub Wood and Moreby, up to Acaster Manor, and then back alongside the river to Nun Appleton, running through Dog Kennel Wood and Stone Bridge (the startingpoint) and down to the River Wharfe. The fox then went up to the back on Nun Appleton and actually ran-pursued by three hounds-over the deck of Sir Ben Dawson's yacht, which was wintering in his private dock, being killed a few minutes later in the kitchen garden after two hours and thirty-five minutes, during which hounds covered at least twenty miles of country, though the point was not more than four and a half miles.

Next day we woke up to frost and snow in good earnest, and some pessimists said we were in for a month of it. However, when the revellers left the Bramham Moor Ball at Harrogate in the small hours of Saturday (7th), rain was falling, and on Sunday we had lovely mild weather again. Long may it continue!

### From the South Cheshire.

To everyone's amazement it proved absolutely fit to hunt at Saighton, and, although the day proved nothing outstanding, one and all went home happy and hounds accounted for a brace on the day. The Broomhall day was much the same, too, only terribly cold, with far too much water about. Hounds killed a fox during the day. Colonel Eric managed to swim a horrible ford, while our caricature expert, who knows no fear, steered her ship for the open sea. but, unfortunately, sank and received a most painful blow on the head and nose. Monday, hounds met at Brindley Ley in frightful weather, which accounted, we understand, for Billy's all-sports suiting. However, whatever the coat over any country, one never sees much more than the back of it. The weather improved and a good hunt from Wardle over the best of that country to the Bache House was really good Tuesday's hunting was stolen out of the snow from Sound, and those who stayed to the end had a good hunt, which we all enjoyed, and probably Angie most of all. A skittering of snow is disconcerting to the vision, as proved by Pat, who, returning from a dance, left the main road through one fence and motored seventy yards across a field into a pit before realising he had left the beaten track, and was "shil-lalyed" with the hot-water bottle for his carelessness on returning home. To prove how innocently and easily this can be done, our chairman (a total abstainer), in company with a fellow J.P., marked himself to ground in a motorcar, having missed the drive, in broad daylight, in his own park after luncheon.

### Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Tust when everyone had hoped we would really get going and the many children home for the holidays get a fair share of sport, we are handed a double shock, F.-and-M. bang in the middle of the V.W.H. (Cricklade) country, which has completely closed both V.W.H.s and all our top-country and a nice slice besides, and then it started to freeze again. However, we were able to hunt on Wednesday at Westerleigh in rather a thick fog, but scent was first-class and an exciting hunt followed to the outskirts of Bristol! Several got mislaid in the by-lanes and side streets! The Farmers' Ball at Badminton House was a great success, and literally hundreds turned up. Even if it was a bit cold in the tents it could not have been a better party. A sharp fall in the glass on Friday and a quick thaw enabled hunting to be resumed on Saturday at Sevington in heavy, cold rain, and scent was very poor all day. The Earl's Hunt Ball at Cirencester on Friday was well supported, and several rumours were flying about as to who will hunt the country next season. The Berkeley, as usual, have been able to keep going with very few stoppages, and we congratulate the new joint Master on his appointment.

### Meynell Musings.

On Tuesday, January 3, from Bramshall, hounds scored a first-class hunt with a seven-mile point into the North Staffordshire country, but this proved the last hunt of the week, and on Wednesday morning we woke up to find deep snow and more to come, to say nothing of twelve degrees of frost at night. It was bad luck on the High Peak Hunt Ball Committee, as the roads were impassable, and many of us had to miss this cheery annual party. However, a real thaw set in over the week-end and we were able to resume on Monday at Marston Hall, when Jack and his charming wife dispensed hospitality, and had a really straight-necked one waiting for us at the Gravel Pits, which provided a first-class hunt of over an hour before he was killed near Mickleover, whilst the afternoon hunt was not to be sniffed at. Congratulations to Mrs. Donald Preston-Jones on the birth of a daughter.





BLACKMORE VALE "CELEBS." AT HAZELGROVE, SPARKFORD

A pre-" war" group taken at the house of the "joint," Mr. Ellis Nuttall. Names (l. to r.): Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. K. M. Mason, Col. Freddie Wingfield-Digby, M.F.H., Mr. J. S. Lewis, Mr. Ellis Nuttall, M.F.H., Capt. W. S. Huddleston (Hon. Sec.), the Hon. J. Fox-Strangways, and Lord Stavordale



AN H.H. GROUP

(Above) Mrs. Low, Lord and Lady Bective, Lady Musgrave, and Miss Bromwich; (in front) Lady Olivía Taylor and Miss Lizanne Musgrave

The Blackmore Vale pictures were taken the day hounds met at Hazelgrove, the abode of Mr. Ellis Nuttall, the joint - Master (1937), Colonel Freddie Digby having been in office since 1909 (barring war years). It has been justly said of him by a classically-minded hunting author, "Et militavit non sine gloria." He got a well-earned D.S.O. He hunts hounds two days a week and lives at historic Sherborne Castle. They claim that their banks

(BELOW)
LORD AND LADY CRANLEY (BLACKMORE VALE)



SOME RECENT FOX-HUNTING OCCASIONS



SEVENTY-SIX—NOT OUT:
MR. A. P. SANDFORD-WILLIS (BLACKMORE VALE)



A FAIR BLACKMORE VALER: MISS JUNE TATTON

take as much doing as the Irish ones, but—well, ask Ireland! Colonel the Hon. G. K. M. Mason, who is in the group, used to command the 14th Hussars (The Emperor's Chambermaids: ask 'em why!). The H.H. group was taken the day those hounds met at Lord Bective's seat, Froyle Place, Alton

### THE LIGHT FANTASTIC



AT THE WARD UNION HUNT BALL: MRS. W. E. WYLIE, H.E. JOHN CUDAHY, AND NESTA LADY GOULDING



MR. RORY MORE-O'FERRALL AND LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE



IN THE GREEN ISLE

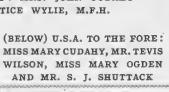
MORE WARD UNION
Front row: Viscountess Milton, Mrs. W. B. Webster, Mr. P. J. Nugent. 2nd row; Mr. George Mullan, Viscount Milton, Back: Mr. Charles A. Rogers



HELPING THE INFIRMARY: SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON AND LADY MARY DUNN

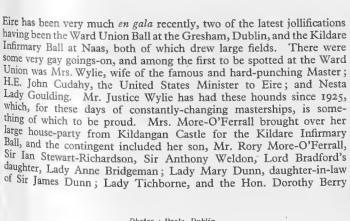


SUPPER PARTNERS: MRS. JOHN CUDAHY AND MR. JUSTICE WYLIE, M.F.H.





SIDE BY SIDE: LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN WITH SIR ANTHONY WELDON





Photos. : Poole, Dublin



(ABOVE) GORDON HARKER-OR IS IT No. 6? (LEFT) H. R. HIGNETT. (RIGHT) DINO GALVANI

# **ENTERTAINMENTS**

à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT

would not be quite true to say that Gordon Harker's face is his fortune; but, then, neither are the faces of Miss Garbo and Mr. Gable whole fortune. Still, Mr. Harker's face, like the others, is worth its weight

in minted gold. Beyond that, it is more distinc-tive than, and at least as eloquent as, Mr. Gable's or Miss Garbo's. Once seen, it can never be forgotten. At the

Aldwych, when the French police wire for a description of the man who is Harker in *Number Six*, the reply comes back: "... mouth inclined to droop—a typically criminal face." At this, the owner's disgust turns into a faint smirk. After all, it had been his job to go criminal; and he had seemed, and sounded, gloriously criminal. Off-stage, Mr. Harker looks as honest as the next man: on the job, he merely sticks out his lower jaw, keeps it there, and, presto !-he looks like most of the notices in the Police Gazette are supposed to look but in fact seldom do.

Nowadays, no English comedy-thriller is complete without him. Number Six opens with Cæsar Valentine, a suave master-crook, bearding the sleuths of London, Paris and New York in the inner sanctum of the Paris Sûreté; but it doesn't wake up until, in the master-crook's lair, a snore from an apparently empty chair happens, and Mr. Harker arises therefrom. Has he overheard the very private conversation? Well, he may be only a con-man called Charlie (or he may be a detective in lifelike disguise-you never know until the end), but-here comes the famous fake-accent—his payter did tell him that that sort of thing wasn't done. Meanwhile, here is his pal "Tray Bong" Smith, the fallen, out-at-elbows gent hired by Cæsar Valentine, who in a sinister dressing-gown bears out his claim to be a direct descendant of César Borgia, and to know as much as his ancestor about secret murder. Does Cæsar want to discuss with Smith ways and horrid means of discovering and doing-in a hidden enemy? Then Charlie will retire: it is in the Harker code of criminology that two's company, three's a witness.

Meanwhile, who was it that left on the mantelpiece this warning Note, one of the series threatening death to Cæsar? And is either Charlie or Tray Bong Smith the mysterious Number 6 whom Scotland Yard and the Sûreté

THE TATLER

have planted on Cæsar's trail, because of murders past and potential? Or is it the rich young man who hangs round young Stephanie, Cæsar's blonde and particularly helpless stepdaughter, imploring her to get Away From It All? To tell the truth, I

didn't much care who was what, so long as things continued to happen thus quickly and luridly and there was enough Harkerism to salt the sensational doings. It is that kind of manufactured thriller.

Would you learn how to kill somebody in a hotel-bedroom, and so fake the scene that the dead 'un will surely be regarded as a suicide who did it after locking the door on the inside? Then Cæsar will give you a persuasive demonstration: all you need is a detachable silencer for That Thing in your pocket, a long length of string, a talent for tying loops, some cartridgepowder, some paper, a fire in the fireplace and a ventilator over the door.

It is appallingly easy. And have ever come across a revolver fitted only with a silencer but with an illuminated self-aimer which, given a steady hand, cannot miss in the dark? Here it later is, wielded by the last of the Borgias himself on a dark and stormy night.

Still, as a master-criminal, Cæsar is hardly in the Moriarty class. Otherwise he would have concocted a better scheme than this of assembling in a Riviera villa the half-dozen people who most hate him. Nor, while waiting the climax in the saloon of his handsome yacht, would he thus get sozzled on old brandy, while boasting of his wickedness; even though it does permit some good Harkerisms-

CÆSAR: I am my own God.

[Loud clap of thunder without]
CHARLIE: 'Ullo—somebody over'eard yer. Enter, however, two of the yacht's crew, carrying with difficulty a wooden chest big enough to hold any average corpse—certainly big enough to hold that of the weedy, much-wronged exconvict from Devil's Island, who just now pounced on, but failed to strangle, Cæsar. And now the yacht's moving; and now the saloon has gone black again. Hist !--slowly the lid of the box rises, softly a dark form steals out, gently a grim voice murmurs, before the spotlight gun crackles through the silencer: "I am going to kill you, Cæsar Valentine." Which leaves a nice, short Act III. for reconstruction of the crime, revelation of who is Number 6, more work for the spotlight gun, and further Harkerism in face of the Moosoos of the French police. It has continued to be that kind of thriller.

Guy Bolton and Gerard Fairlie Messrs. dramatised all this from an Edgar Wallace novel; and it would seem to have been an early Wallace, dictated in a bit of a hurry. The police procedure and the foreign names are very odd; and the stepdaughter is even more of a ninny than the heroines of thrillers habitually are (Miss Rosalyn Boulter, however, brings her nearer to life than such heroines usually come). But the earlier Wallaces were those in which one weird excitement trod upon the next one's heels; and here is an exciting plot, upon which the adapters and Mr. Harker have grafted pleasant entertainment. Mr. Franklin Dyall is a properly diabolic Cæsar; the Smith by Mr. Bernard Lee is tray bong at keeping an audience guessing; Mr. Robert Eddison just can't help his useful charm; Mr. H. R. Hignett puts some real character into the ex-convict; Miss Daphne Heard and Mr. Dino Galvani slink variously. And Harker is as Harker was.



## Priscilla in Paris

RÈS CHER—Parisians deprived of their cinemas were quite the most disgruntled creatures I have ever seen, for although a Frenchman is readywithout grinning—to bear most sacrifices in moments of crisis and catastrophe, he bitterly resents any interference with his pleasures in the daily course of events. The whole world is cinema-minded nowadays, and only those very old people for whom the Pictures mean the strange, jagged flickerings one saw mistily on the screen in the early days of the century really enjoyed the tiresome eclipse of pleasure that we have just experienced. The Avenue des Champs-Élysées without the usual luminous night-signs that have made it the White Way of Paris was, as a dear and somewhat gaga old marcheur delightedly remarked: "Positively prewar!" This was said in the hearing of some post-war youngsters at Fouquet's, where quite a few movie-fans were disconsolately wondering what to do with their evening, and the saying had a great success; it so utterly justified the present generation's scorn of those dear, dull, dignified days that their parents frequently brag about. Some of us managed, of course, to enjoy our usual poison by making a dash into the suburbs and all the owners of Baby Pathés gave Picture-Parties. Beware of them-same, however. Amateurs have but little imagination, and after seeing Baby's Bath and The Children at the Seaside in various foggy versions I called it an evening.

I missed the private showing of *The Blue Angel*, when, it seems, la Dietrich's admirers reluctantly admitted that, perhaps, there was more "to" her in the days when there was more of the femme and less of the fatale! Here again the vieux marcheur adds: "Legs

is legs, n' matter where she wears her eyebrows!" The three nights of screen black-out were a horrid revelation to those theatre magnates who accuse the cinema of robbing them of their patrons! Wherever the disappointed Picture fans went in search of entertainment, it was not to the theatre. "Paper" houses remained "paper," while the few that are "playing to capacity" only added the usual number of chairs in the gangways.
One hopes, by the way, that
the ghastly burning down
of "Casanova" will urge the authorities to do something drastic about overcrowding in certain night clubs, theatres, music-halls and cinemas. Bylaws and regulations are shockingly disregarded in this town Then until an accident happens. the Press makes a great hullaballoo, which is, unfortunately, more noisy than efficacious. One imagined there would be a marvellous clean-up after the Marseilles fire, but it looks as if all is forgotten if not forgiven.

On Friday night we were bidden to the first showing of a new programme — topped by those three clever coloured ladies of large dimension, the Peters sisters—at the Medrano Circus,

and there also, what a crowd! I sent up a little thanksgiving for the fact that our seats were near the end of a row. It was a fight even to cross the outer lobby, and to reach the arena stalls was more like getting into an international Rugby match than into a place of entertainment. Democratic show, the circus! Even the most expensive seats—that are, I hasten to add, a jolly sight cheaper than those of the salles d'exclusivité at the cinema—are thronged with orange suckers, banana gobblers, and peanut chewers, to say nothing of those careless eaters who, absorbed by the spectacle, allow their ice-cream cones to drip down the backs of the unfortunate victims who are seated in front of them. I keep an



SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS IN ST. MORITZ

The Princess Christian Von Hessen-Philippsthal-Barchfeld, her daughter, Princess Olga, and her son, Prince Waldemar, who are all enjoying themselves in the Swiss snows. The Princess Christian is the former Miss Elizabeth Reid Rogers, of Jackson, Tennessee. She was married in 1915



MADAME MARY COSTES

Wife of the famous Transatlantic air-flier, Dieudonné Costes, who made the big hop from Paris to New York in 1930, his companion being Bellonte. Because he took a Paris model (dress) and sold about a thousand of them, Mme. Costes was promised free clothes for a year by the fashion house concerned. Now, however, the dressmakers have successfully supported a claim that they only agreed to a 50 per cent reduction, and have recovered the equivalent of £130 as balance due

old waterproof expressly for wear at these functions, and felt vastly superior as I watched André de Fouquières dodge the moist crumbs that fell from the buneating brat who sat behind him. Nadine and Gisèle Picard also had rather a rough time of it, for their seats were in the front row and Nadine was wearing a gorgeous leopard-skin coat that seemed greatly to upset one of the tigers in Trubka's fine animal act.

I don't like these acts as a rule and no power on earth will keep me in my seat when performing dogs are shown, but Trubka puts his big cats through their paces with none of the usual shouting and whip-cracking that is so sickening. The tiger who objected to Nadine's coat—was it a case of "alas, my poor cousin!"?—never took its eyes off her, even when it was jumping

through hoops, except for an occasional glance at the top of the cage, as if wondering about the possibility of a quick pounce. The Peters sisters had a great reception, despite the fact that they only sing in English, which is always rather risky with the places populaires, that have a ferocious way of yelling "En français!" at foreign entertainers whom they do not happen to like. In this case, however, they could hardly bear to let them go, and the show lasted till past midnight. . . . Even so, the autograph-hunters gathered round the stage door, and that means popularity indeed in Paris.

PRISCILLA.

### THE MOORE THE MERRIER

Grace Moore has a Riviera Holiday



WE GARDENERS: MISS GRACE MOORE AND HER HUSBAND, MR. VALENTIN PARERA, ARE ABLE TO PICK AND CHOOSE

CASA LAURETTA, THE ATTRACTIVE MOORE-PARERA VILLA AT MOUGINS



A SAGACIOUS HOUSEHOLD PET



Photographs: d'Ora, Paris TENNIS-TIME AT CASA LAURETTA

Escaping to her villa near Cannes, where tennis, gardening, and conversing with the cockatoo have their place in the design for living, is not so often possible for Miss Grace Moore, opera houses, film studios, and concert halls having such claims on her time. Amongst her latest contributions to public pleasure is the film version of *Louise*, which was made in France

Here are some sidelights on the private lifestory of prima donna film-star Grace Moore, one of the most happily married of celebrities, to whom being Mrs. Valentin Parera is every whit as important as her so brilliant career. She and her husband are shown at their delightful Riviera villa, Casa Lauretta, at Mougins, where they spend a free-and-easy open-air existence and enjoy themselves no end





MAXWELL GUESTS: SEÑOR ALDAO (LEFT) WITH MR. AND MRS. BRADFORD NORMAN, JR.



AT HER PARTY FOR HIM: MISS ELSA MAXWELL AND MR. SIMON ELWES



MORE GUESTS: M. DAVID-WEIL, MRS. FELLOWES-GORDON AND THE MARCHESE SAN FELICE

NEW YORK GAY NIGHTS

AT THE COQ ROUGE: MISS ANNE FRANCINE, SOCIALITE CROONER, DOING HER STUFF



MR. W. K. FAIRBANKS (LAUNCHING A NEW FASHION) AND MISS MITCHELL



M. JEAN MICHEL, DONNA MARINA TORLONIA AND FILM-STAR MICHAEL BARTLETT AT THE COQ ROUGE



MISS MARY JANE FRENCH AND MR. A. GUNNING LOOMIS (NOTE CLOTHES)



AT EL MOROCCO: MR. VICKERS, LADY CAWDOR'S BROTHER, AND AUSTRALIAN MICKY VYNER

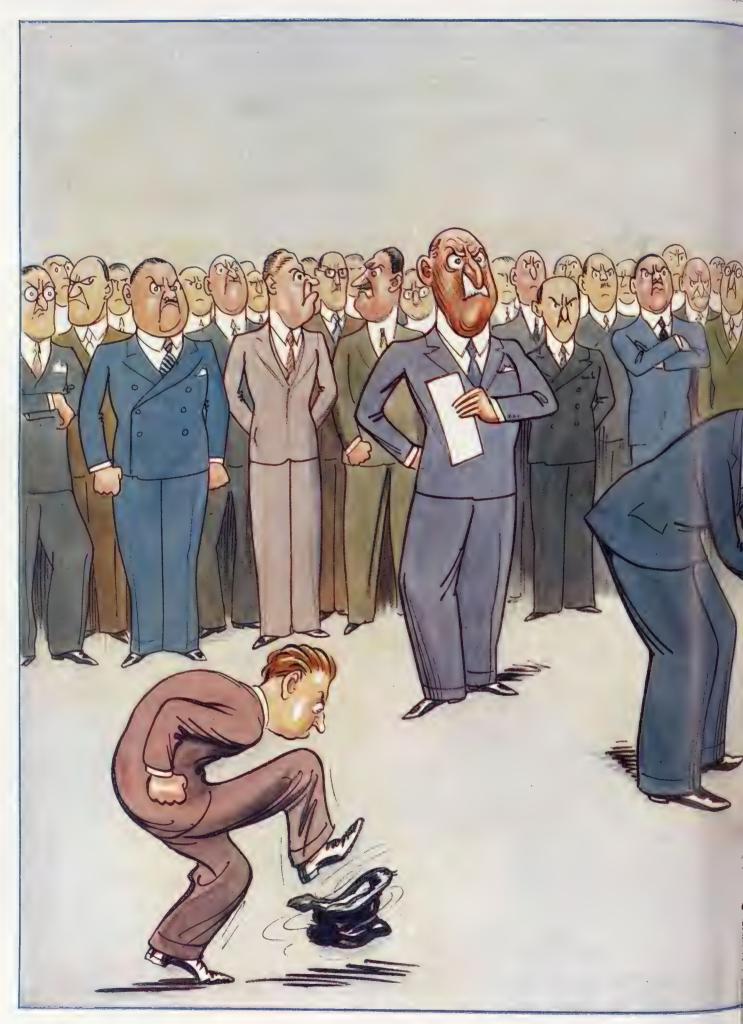
Some of New York's night-time frolics are represented here. First, by three photographs taken at supercosmopolitan Miss Elsa Maxwell's Little Turkey Dinner (a new one on us!) for artist Simon Elwes, whose exhibition of portraits at Knoedler's, N.Y. (Miss Maxwell's among them), is a riot. Señor Camileo Aldao comes from the Argentine; Mr. Bradford Norman is a popular New York banker known as "Brady"; Mrs. Frederick Fellowes-Gordon has a villa at Grasse and a son at Harrow; and the Marchese San Felice is Italian Consul in New York. Film-star Micky Vyner, "shot" at the ever-crowded El Morocco, stopped over for a few days on her way to Hollywood. The four remaining pictures are from the party given by the New York School of Professional Arts to celebrate the reopening of the Coq Rouge restaurant, and to launch "Contemporary Evening Dress for Men" (one-piece, zip-fastened trousers and waistcoat, with contrasting jacket), as worn by the designer, Mr. A. Gunning Loomis. Mr. W. Kendall Fairbanks wore it, too. His family home, Dadham, Mass, built in 1636, is now the Fairbanks' museum. Donna Marina Torlonia, whose brother married the Infanta Beatriz of Spain, dined with artist M. Jean Michel and singing film-star Michael Bartlett



"Thanks a lot —"
WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

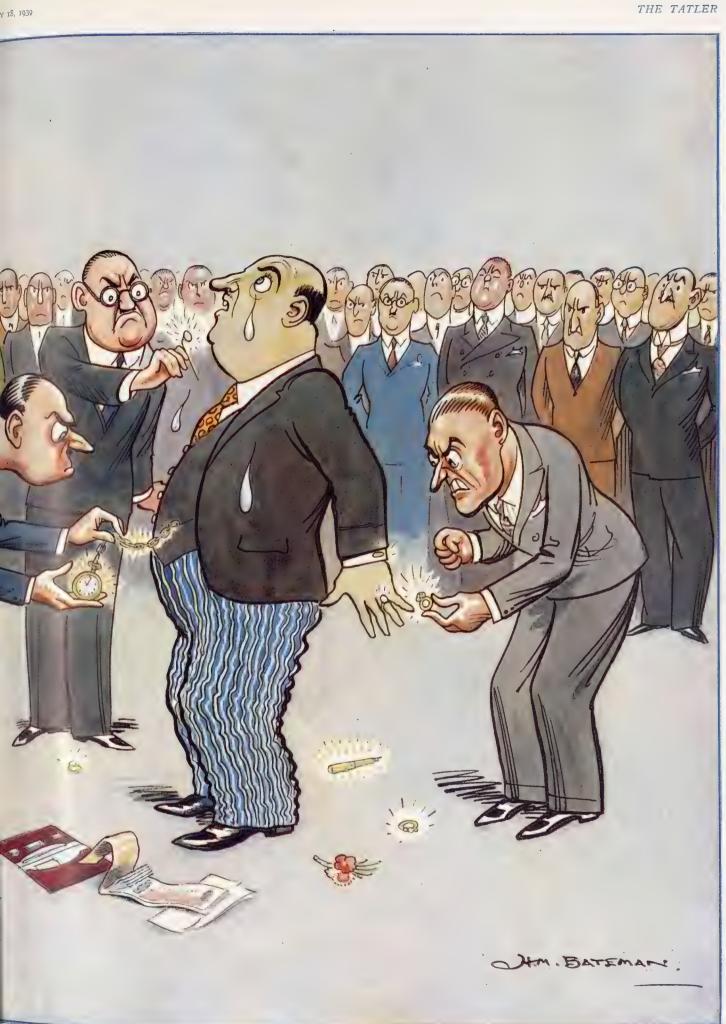
THE TATLER

No. 1960



DEGRADATION OF A D By H. M.

1



EFAULTING FINANCIER ATEMAN

THE TATLER. [No. 1960, JANUARY 18, 1939



# Gentlemen!

# your Johnnie Walker -

In the stately homes of England, Johnnie Walker is very much at home. In the most distinguished circles this fine whisky takes its place, as to the Manor born. For there is an aristocracy among Scotch whiskies. And only the very finest of them—all the very finest of them—mellowed and matured by time and blended with traditional skill, are assembled in every bottle of Johnnie Walker.



THE TATLER No. 1960, JANUARY 18, 1939]

### A CHESA VEGLIA PARTY



PROSIT! MR. DEREK HAIG TOASTS PRINCESS OLGA OF HESSE



MISS KATHLEEN KENNEDY AND CAPTAIN BEDDINGTON-BEHRENS



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN VON HESSEN-PHILIPPSTHAL-BARCHFELD AND PRINCIPE BONCOMPAGNI-LUDOVICI



COFFEE FOR TWO: MRS. ARCHIE MACLAREN WITH SIR FRANK BEAUCHAMP

Rumanian industrialist, and is con-

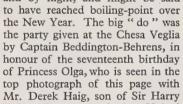
## AND A PALACE GALA



A SWISS CASUALTY: MR. JOE KENNEDY WITH MISS MADELEINE RAYMOND



MADAME MAX AUSNIT SUPS WITH COUNT KURT HAUGWITZ-REVENTIOW



MISS ELAINE DARLINGTON WITH SIR GEORGE LEWIS The St. Moritz season continues its meteoric career, both by day and by night, and might be said

honour of the seventeenth birthday of Princess Olga, who is seen in the top photograph of this page with Mr. Derek Haig, son of Sir Harry Haig, Governor of the United Provinces. Miss Kathleen Kennedy, the eldest of the Clan Kennedy, was dancing with her host, Captain Beddington-Behrens, when caught by the camera. Brother Joe was a casualty, but it did not stop him from enjoying the party. Prince Ludovici is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and is the eighth of his line. Mme. Max Ausnit was at a Palace Embassy gala when snapped with Count Haugwitz-Reventlow. She is the wife of a



A RECENT ST. MORITZ ARRIVAL: PRINCE RICHARD OF HESSE WITH MISS YVONNE COSTELLO OF N.Y.

sidered one of the world's best-dressed women. Mrs. Archie Maclaren and Sir Frank Beauchamp also chose the Embassy; he is the first Baronet, his elder brother was killed while serving with the Coldstream in 1914. Prince Richard of Hesse had only just arrived from Lausanne to join his mother, brother and sister

Pictures in

the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

The riposte of the Secretary of State for War to the recent attacks upon his administration during the nineteen months he has held office has been headed in the Press; "Re-

building the Army." That I believe to be a very good description. There is only one emendation which sug-

gests itself. It is this:
"Tell people more about
the Army and it will
rebuild itself." The way
in which this is done does

not matter a tinker's malediction: Press, wireless, cinemas, pamphlets, placards; the medium does not count

so long as you speak plainly and speak often. Sporadic

advertisement is a sheer waste of time and good money upon whatever it may be you are anxious

Re-



AT THE BARONESS BURTON'S SHOOT AT DOCHFOUR, INVERNESS

Pheasants, as it seems unnecessary to say, were the targets, and in spite of all Inverness still looking very like a perfectly good Christmas-card, a good time was had by all who were the guests of the most hospitable hostess and Major W. E. Melles, her husband. The children in the group belong to Sir Digby Lawson and to Captain the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Baillie, the hostess's son and daughter-in-law

The list of the grown-ups is: (l. tor.) Mrs. Haig. Sir Digby Lawson, Colonel Stewart, Lieut.-General W. D. S. Brownrigg, Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie, Major Melles, Lord Conyngham, and the Baroness Burton

GOOD deal has been said one way and another about the reaction of the German people at large to certain present events, and I think therefore that it is only common fairness to interpolate this extract from a just received from someone who lives on the banks of letter the Rhine-

I doubt whether we shall go to England the next summer; the last business which took place here such a short time ago is still in the minds of the world, and it really makes one feel ashamed to belong here. It was not done with the consent of the people as broadcast, everyone was horrified, except for a very few, who hope to get into good grace or improve their positions, but 90 per cent. were horrified and ashamed. The "Big" man did not give his signature to it; it was done by [I fear I cannot print the next few words]. I am not mentioning names, but you will understand!

to put over. You must beat the drum and blow the trumpet and keep on doing it, and the louder the better, for the world is a very deaf place—often intentionally so. Major-General "Ian Hay's" suggestion for an Army Week, run on the same lines as the Navy one. is therefore a first-class idea, and let us hope that it will not be allowed to fizzle out. The populace at large does not know what the modern conditions are, so let it go and see for itself.

The second edition of Brig.-Gen. R. L. Ricketts' "First Class Polo Tactics and Match Play" (Gale and Polden) makes a very apposite appearance, because, although our great encounter with America is not due until next June, the preparations for battle are going forward every hour, and soon the whole of our expeditionary



Yorkshire Post

### A ZETLAND HUNT BALL GROUP

The ball was held at Aske, Lord Zetland's house, and most appropriately, because his ancestor founded the pack. In the picture: Lady Barnard, the former Miss Straker, daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Straker, a famous Zetland Master; Lady Zetland, and her son, Lord Ronaldshay.

Lord Barnard is joint-M.F.H.

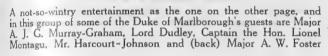


HOT WORK ON THE ICE AT FORFAR LOCH

Ice-hockey can be as tough and rough as International polo—in fact, falls are far more frequent. This picture was taken during a fierce contest on Forfar Loch, and the protagonists are Miss Juliette Mitford, a niece of Lord Airlie; Lord Ogilvy (son) down for a ducat; Lord and Lady Airlie, and Colonel Ivon Guthrie









WALKING THE PLANK AT THE BLENHEIM SHOOT

Leading the way over the brook is Mr. Koch de Gooreynd, who, like his two brothers, used to be at Eton; then comes Lord Blandford, the Duke of Marlborough's son and heir; and then Lord Porchester, Lord Carnarvon's son, who, they say, is quite likely to develop into as good a shot as his father

force ought to be concentrated in the actual theatre of war. Mr. Balding at the moment is, or was until hurt, playing in India; Captain Humphrey Guinness is serving with his regiment, the Greys, in Palestine; and Mr. John Lakin is hunting with the Warwickshire, of which he is joint-Master; but let us hope that sooner or later everyone's attention will be focussed on the main objective.

Brig.-Gen. Ricketts was the No. 3 of that smashing Alwar team which, on the 14'1 ponies of the period, swept everyone off the map from 1900 to 1903 (I.P.A. Championship and Delhi Durbar included) and demonstrated that it is not so much how you gallop but when. A concrete and historic example of what a real judgment of pace, plus a knowledge of tactics, will do. That Alwar team may not be remembered by many, but it was these two things that made Alwar so hot to hold. It was not superior pony-power. There are two very interesting paragraphs in the second edition of Brig.-Gen. Ricketts' book. The first is by the author in his preface:

"I feel all the more willing to undertake the task as it seems clear that the near approach to victory attained by our team

(Hughes, Balding, Tyrrell Martin, Guinness) in the first match in 1936 was due to the pace which we put into the game by following, possibly unconsciously, the principles I have attempted to set forth. The Americans undoubtedly were put off their game, and had we possessed four players who knew and had thoroughly studied their proper places, victory undoubtedly would have been ours. Had Tyrrell Martin and Guinness changed over (in the original practice, if not earlier), two if not three of the first four American goals would not have been scored, and the side would probably have gained both in drive and solidity. Also, though Hughes probably played the best personal game of his life on that day, a more adequate standard of knowledge of the principles of No. r play on his part would have made him a much sounder proposition."

The other paragraph is from Lord Kimberley's Foreword: "Finally,

I should like to make a plea for the better study of the No. 1 position, at present most inadequately filled, and to this end I would strongly recommend to all a careful perusal of Chapter XI." We have no real No. 1 at the moment, but America has plenty of high-class specialists.



ANOTHER ICE-HOCKEY PICTURE

This was also taken on the Forfar Loch at the same contest as shown in the picture also taken on the Fortar Loch at the same contest as shown in the postar alongside. Above, Lord Airlie is picking his team, and the names are (l. to r.) Colonel Ivon Guthrie, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Lord Airlie's second son; Lord Airlie, Mr. Plummer, and Lord Ogilvy, the son and heir. Whether the ice still holds is not stated



Yorkshire Post

### MORE OF THE ZETLAND BALL

Another bag made by the sharp-shooting camera inside Aske, where this ball was held. The identity-discs read: a gentleman unknown; then Mr. P. Denis, Captain Christie, Lady Jean Dundas, one of Lord and Lady Zetland's daughters; Mrs. P. Denis, and Lady Mountgarret, whose husband used to have the York and Ainsty (North)

QUIET AFTER QUICK-STEP: LORD ACTON AND MRS. W. WELD-FORESTER

A SHROPSHIRE RENDEZ-VOUS

The Wheatland Hunt Ball at Willey Park

MISS BEAN, LIEUT. W. F. B. WEBB, R.N., AND MR. M. A. BELLVILLE, M.F.H., HAVE LOTS TO SAY



MR. G. S. M. WARLOW AND HIS HOSTESS, LADY FORESTER



MRS. R. P. DE S. CHURCHWARD, MRS. C. E. GARNET AND MR. COLIN JACKSON



LADY ACTON WITH CAPTAIN WHITMORE



THE HON. HESTER LITTLETON, COLONEL L. A. WOOD AND MR. P. V. W. GELL

MR. J. DELMEGE, M.F.H., MISS M. EYSTON, MISS B. HEYWOOD, MR. BISHOP (BEHIND) AND MR. G. V. CHURSTON BUSY BOOKING-UP

Here we are at Lord and Lady Forester's stately home in Salop Willey Park, for the Wheatland Hunt Ball, at which the C.O. of the Blues and his charming wife did everyone proud. Mrs. Wolstan Weld-Forester is the wife of Lord Forester's cousin, Lieut.-Commander Weld-Forester, R.N. (ret.), British Vice-Consul in Munich. Mrs. Churchward, née Whitaker, is another cousin. Lord and Lady Acton brought cheerful guests from Aldenham Park, and Captain G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore, from Dudmaston, had also pulled his weight in the matter of tickets. He had the Wheatland jointly with Miss Frances Pitt (the present Master, for whom see page 102) for six seasons, retiring in 1935. Mr. M. A. Bellville is Master of the Clifton-on-Teme, and Mr. J. Delmege took over the Ludlow last season, hunting hounds himself. In the same group as Mr. Delmege find Miss Eyston, cousin of the world-famous Captain George of that ilk. Colonel A. L. Wood, with whom is Lord Hatherton's youngest daughter, commands the 73rd Anti-Aircraft Brigade, R.A. (T.A.). Mr. Colin Jackson is the son of Sir John Jackson, of Cwm Hall

Photographs by Truman Howell

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### BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The head of the house was confined to bed with influenza, and his wife was busy sterilising the dishes he had been using.

"Why do you do that, Mummy?" asked four-year-old

John.

"Because, dear," replied his mother, "Daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes he uses. I boil the dishes and that kills the germs."

John thought for a moment or two and then said: "Mummy, why not boil Daddy and get rid of all the germs at once?"

Two golfers playing an important match were annoyed I by a slow couple in front of them. At one hole there was a particularly long wait. One of the offending couple dawdled on the fairway, while his companion searched industriously in the rough. At last the waiting couple on the tee could contain their patience no longer.

Why don't you help your friend to find his ball?"

one shouted indignantly

"Oh, he's got his ball," the reply came, blandly; "he's looking for his club."

A man who was a very bad shot was invited for a day's sport. In great disgust the beaters in attendance witnessed shot after shot fired, with no better result than waste of ammunition.

"Dear me," exclaimed the sportsman at last, "the

birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year!"

"Not all of 'em, sir," said one of the keepers. "You 've shot at the same bird at least a dozen times. 'E's following you about, sir."

"Following me about?" said the sportsman, annoyed.

" Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?

"I dunno, sir, I 'm sure," replied the keeper, "unless 'e's 'anging round for safety!"

A workman at a power station received a severe electric shock and narrowly escaped electrocution.

When he resumed work his foreman came round and asked him if he had fully

recovered from his accident.
"Well," answered the workman, in puzzled tones, "the doctor says I'm all right, and I feel quite fit, but every time I pick up an electric bulb it lights up!"

Three men were walking home together after the morning service, and as they went they discussed the sermon they had just heard.

"You know," said the first, enthusiastically, "that vicar can certainly dive deeper

into the truth than any preacher I 've ever heard."

"Yes," said the second man, "and he can stay under longer."

"Yes," echoed the third, " and come up drier."

want a haircut," said I want a name to the the customer in the barber's shop, and went on, a singe, shampoo, moustache clipped, beard trimmed; where can I put my cigar?

The barber replied: "Suppose you keep it in your mouth, sir; it'll be a sort of landmark."

### GRIFFITH JONES AND CATHERINE LACEY IN "MARCO MILLIONS"

Griffith Jones plays the adventurous and pushful Marco Polo, and Catherine Lacey the lovely Princess Kukachin, at the Court of Kublai Khan, who manages to fall in love with him. Eugene O'Neill's satire on Occidental materialism, contrasted with the contemplative philosophy of the East, is having a prosperous career at the Westminster, thanks in no small measure to the from other triumphs on the stage and screen, among the former the revival of J. B. Priestley's Dangerous Corner

MAN driving along a country road saw the roof of a cottage on fire. He shouted to the woman standing calmly in her garden: "Hi, your house is on fire!'

"Your house is on fire," he yelled, louder still.

"What? I'm a bit hard of hearing.'

'Your house is on fire!" This time in screaming tones.

'Is that all?

"Well, it's all I can think of at the moment."

\* \* \*

"Er—" said the young man nervously, "I've been coming here to see your daughter for

two years."
"Well," snapped the girl's father, "what do you want me to do

about it?

"Well-er-I want your permission to marry her."

"Oh, I thought you wanted a pension or something.



Photos, : Angus McBean

### CATHERINE LACEY-OFF STAGE

In private life the charming young actress is Mrs. Roy Emerton, and besides her many stage achievements referred to in the cursory remarks under the other picture on this page, she won deserved praise for her playing of the part of the nun in that somewhat sinister and highly thrilling film-story The Lady Vanishes. Since then she has been in another picture, a short one, called All Living Things, by that mystic lady, Nell St. John Montagu

## GARADS

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THE U.C.S. OLD BOYS—BEAT OLD BLUES (SEE BELOW)

The fray was at Fairlop, and it was some fray, as it looked a bit of odds on the Old Blues half-way over, but then the University College School O.B.s got a gait on, and finally they managed to run out winners by 8 points to 4

The names in the above picture are, l. to r.: (Back) E. J. D. Golden (referee), J. C. M. Flower, E. L. Beverley, G. D. Scott-Lowe, C. H. Dewhurst, P. C. M. Sinclair and D. M. MacEchern. (Seated) F. N. Weston, J. J. Turnbull, H. L. Wilson, T. F. Cox (captain), J. S. H. Cox, R. A. Amlot and D. Drakeford. (On ground) J. MacFadden and D. M. Creedon

DEAR TATLER-

HE present season will long be remembered because in the three Trial Matches the team chosen to represent England was beaten on each occasion, and most decisively of all in the England v. The Rest match. This must be a record, for though the England side has on various occasions been defeated, no England team hitherto has succeeded in losing all three matches. There was certainly no doubt about the superiority of the Rest side in the last game at Twickenham. They thoroughly deserved to win, while on the England side there were several rather conspicuous failures, and it was clearly evident that some of them were wearing the white jersey for the last time. As usual, what enthusiasm there was about the game tended to encourage the Rest, who are, for some occult reason, always very popular when they are engaged in defeating their seniors.

they are engaged in defeating their seniors.

The game is rather ancient history now, and we need not spend much time over it. It was not a great match, by any means, and the conditions were vile, though doubtless to the liking of some of the faster forwards. The experiment of playing H. D. Freakes at centre was certainly not a success, and it was no particular surprise when the centres were re-arranged at half-time, though it did seem rather hard lines that G. A. Hosking, of Birkenhead Park, who had played extremely well in the first half, was asked to retire in favour of the Oxford full-back. There can be no doubt, however, that the powerful physique of Freakes told heavily in his favour. One of the features of the game was the way in which J. Ellis, of Wakefield, failed to maintain his form of the two previous trials, and consequently has had to give way to the old Oxford Blue and Richmond player, P. Cooke. My remark of last week to the effect that it was a long time since an English pack had been badly beaten was made at a rather unfortunate time, since certainly the Rest forwards assumed the upper hand early in the proceedings and have reaped their due reward.

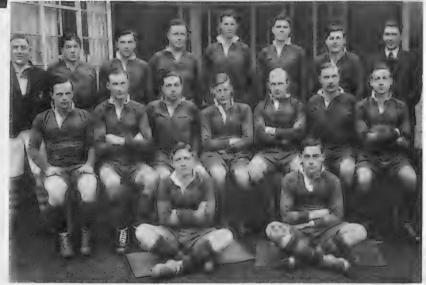
I do not remember when the names of a prospective English side were awaited with more interest than this year. The team seemed so much in the melting-pot that it would have puzzled even the youngest critics to be quite certain as to its composition. Almost anything might have happened, and I question whether eight new caps have ever appeared in an England side before; not for a very long time, at any rate. There has been a well-known prejudice against making too many alterations in the constitution of

## A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

an international side, but desperate occasions demand desperate remedies, and there will be comparatively few to find serious fault with the work of the Selectors, apart from those critics who are always "agin the Government" anyhow. Freakes' selection, of course, caused no surprise. His claims were obvious, and he has one qualification, at any rate, which has sometimes been lacking—he can run, and he is not afraid to join up with his three-quarters.

One of the few players who was regarded as an absolute certainty was R. H. Guest, of Liverpool University, on the wing, and his name duly appears in the list. The other wing, R. S. L. Carr, of Old Cranleighans and Manchester,



rhotos. : Crish

THE OLD BLUES XV .- BEATEN BY U.C.S.O.B.

The Old Blues made the running at the start of this contest at Fairlop and had cause to be shaking hands with themselves at the half-way house, but then came the counter-attack, and in the end they were well and truly beaten

The names above are, l. to r.: (Back) E. J. D. Golden (referee), C. G. Down, G. C. H. Breden, A. P. Jack, R. G. Corson, T. D. Chevers, J. A. Cameron, G. Carpenter (treasurer). (Seated) O. R. Evans, A. T. Hobden, G. A. T. Shrimpton, R. A. Jones (captain), J. Garrard, G. H. Ross-Goobey and M. Fulford. (On ground) B. P. Knight and W. C. Mitchell

has fully earned his place, though it must have been a near thing between him and C. B. Holmes. You will notice that all four of the three-quarters have strong Northern connections, for the two centres are J. W. Heaton and G. E. Hancock, the latter of whom hails from Birkenhead Park. This will no doubt delight many Northern supporters, who have, not without reason, complained of the apparent neglect of Northern players. This three-quarter line has, at any rate, plenty of pace, and there is a considerable amount of dash about the centres which may bring them safely through the ordeal.

Many people will be surprised to find that G. A. Walker and P. Cooke have secured their caps, but there was little doubt that they would do so on trial form. Walker has always been a player of considerable resource in attack, though he has often been accused of that mysterious offence of "running away from his centres." P. Cooke is sometimes accused of falling down too much when he delivers his pass, but he does not do so invariably, and can certainly throw a long one on occasions. As to his defence, there is no question whatever, and he and his partner so quickly hit up a useful combination in the trial that everyone hopes that they will do the same thing again.

R. E. Prescott, among the forwards, has regained the place which he had to yield against Scotland because of injury, and he, H. B. Toft and D. E. Teden will form a very useful front row. Teden, the old Taunton boy, has been marked down for honours all the season, and many people will be glad to see him gain his first cap.

## This England...



Tintagel-Cornwall

A Cornish tale has it that King Arthur's spirit still haunts the ruins in the sailing body of a chough. For this is the most ghostly castle in our land, more steeped in ancient legend than Stonehenge—and there is nothing of it! Some crumbled masonry above the hungry waves, rabbits upon the close-cropped turf that carpets now the roofless halls. Yet shall you not be disappointed lingering here, whence comes the rich tapestry of our knightly past, woven of stirring deeds and dark fierce loves, of wonder and sorrow and wild strangeness. Something is given you, you know not what; tradition has brushed you with a phantom wing, leaving you more captive still of the old ways of England, of truth and honesty in men, of the good old things the English love . . . such as your Worthington, begotten of the very soil and still made in the ancient, honest way.



## LEOPARD-MAN

### By WILFRID ROBERTSON

7ITH his rifle gripped in tense hands, Morrison peered into the undergrowth. The Rhodesian sunlight, falling through the trees above, dappled the foliage black and yellow in perfect imitation of the leopard he felt certain was crouching amid the tangle. He guessed he would never see the beast till he almost stepped on it, when it would spring to life a leaping fury of teeth and claws.

Morrison stood motionless, thinking over the problem. He was too old a hand at the game to take senseless risks. He had tackled similar problems before, when prowling leopards had been destroying calves on his ranch. Presently he stepped slowly backwards, rejoining his two natives, who waited with ready spears on the edge of the under-

growth.
"Go and tell Chimuti to bring the old span of oxen—they're steady and well trained," he said. "We'll drive them shoulder to shoulder through this stuff; they'll soon shift the brute out into the open if he 's hiding there."

The native sped away on his errand. Meanwhile, Morrison dropped the rifle into the crook of his arm and waited. Time passed, and presently he heard the sounds of the team of

working bullocks being driven up.
"Ah, here you are, Chimuti," he said, as his head native came in sight. "Get those sixteen oxen lined up on the far side of this patch of stuff, and, when I signal, drive them

No leopard, Morrison knew, would face the advancing line of great bodies and lowered horns. Whatever was hiding in the undergrowth would be forced to bolt and give a chance of a shot in the open. With finger on trigger Morrison waited. He felt certain he had the leopard cornered; at any moment there might be a snort and a plunge on the part of the oxen, and the rush of a speckled body breaking cover.

Crushing and crackling, the beasts pushed forward, while behind them Chimuti and the other natives waved their spears and sticks and shouted encouragement. They were nearly through. A movement among the leaves caught Morrison's eye and up went his rifle. There was a scuttering rush, something black appeared, and Morrison checked himself just in time from firing at a scared native who jumped up and began to run.
"Hi! Come here, or I'll fire!"

The man turned and approached, trembling. He was an insignificant and skinny individual, clad only in a tattered loincloth, and his black skin was scratched by the thorns through which he had fled. Certainly he was no native employed by Morrison, nor, indeed, one he knew. Certainly, also, the fellow had no right to be hiding where

"Who the deuce are you?" Morrison demanded, speaking in the native tongue, "and what are you doing here?"

Master, I come from far, travelling on a long journey— "Travelling? You weren't; you were hiding."

" I-I saw the master coming with a gun: I am a stranger

here and I hid, I thought, perhaps-

Under other circumstances Morrison would have told him to clear out and to keep to the recognised paths in future; but there might be more in this than appeared at first sight. Though he had not suffered himself as yet, recently several of Morrison's neighbours had been robbed by some unknown native thief, and the police were still hunting for the culprit. Might not this be the man, hiding, for fear of being captured, till forced to show himself?

Meanwhile, Chimuti and the others had come up. They grouped themselves round the captive, regarding him with

a grim light in their eyes.
"Truly, the spirits have been kind, master," Chimuti volunteered. "The worker of evil is taken, and will be able to do no more harm."

"Looks like it. Anyway, bring Morrison nodded. the fellow up to my house: I'll lock him in the store at the back till the police come out and have a look

Chimuti made a movement with his hands corresponding to a white man's shrug. "Yes, master. But the police——? Would it not be well to kill him here and now, lest he escape us by his arts?" He lifted his spear significantly and the stranger quailed.

"What on earth do you mean?"
Again the deprecating motion. "The master speaks of the police, but what will they do? They will shut him up for two moons or three, and then release him, while this-

He balanced the spear in his hand.

Morrison laughed. "He may have robbed white men in the district of the money kept for wages, but certainly he's not robbed you, so what on earth are you so bloodthirsty about?" The point of the spear sank, while surprise grew on Chimuti's black face.

Surely the master understands?" he asked. "A leopard entered the undergrowth with the master following on its trail; yet when we beat it through with the big cattle out came a man. He is a tagati, a wizard who can change his form at will."

The others grunted in agreement. "It is indeed so," said "There was one in my own village two wet seasons ago, and the evil beast only ceased to trouble our cattle when the evil man was discovered and slain."

Comprehension came to Morrison. Like most men in the country he was aware of the natives' firm belief in the ability of those possessed of evil spirits to change themselves into marauding lions and leopards and back again. He was about to reply, when the captive struggled free from the grip of those who held him, and threw himself imploringly at

Morrison's feet.
"Get up!" Morrison ordered shortly, breaking in upon the babbled protests of innocence. "I won't let them kill you, but you're going to give an account of yourself to the police, all the same. Bring him along," he added to his followers, "and bring the oxen, too. That leopard must have slipped away without our seeing him; anyway, he'll be gone now, after all this talking.

Chimuti obeyed, sighing at the obtuseness of his white master. Here was a clear case, yet he spoke of the police—as if the police knew anything at all about the real facts of life and witchcraft! Truly the master would regret it later, he thought, when more calves vanished and perhaps he himself was clawed to death by the evil man-leopard. But what was the good of arguing? men always lose their temper when told of facts beyond their ken.

Morrison turned in early that night, feeling less anxious than he had for some time. Those robberies had worried him, for, like others in the district, from time to time he had to have on the place considerable sums of wages money. He had quite a large amount in hand at the present moment, and, for safety, during the last few days had kept it locked in a battered trunk under his bed. Not an ideal place, but in view of those nightly burglaries he thought it safer there than in the bureau in the living-room.

Now he felt he need not bother so much, for the probable thief was safely locked up, and the police would be out in the morning in reply to the message he had sent by runner. Having made sure, however, that the trunk was in place and that the revolver on the table by his bedside was loaded, he wriggled down in the bed and

turned over to sleep.

There was no sleep, however, for Bawi, the captive. Instead of resting he explored his prison, prowling round and round like a beast in a cage. Bitterly he regretted having taken the long journey from his village and of venturing into the land of men of another tribe. True, the white man had saved him, but was it with some other end in view? If men of his own colour had wished to spear him, what might not the police do if he were still there when they arrived? (Continued on page 132)



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#### LEOPARD - MAN-(Continued from page 130)

Inside the store the darkness was intense, but outside the night was lit by the African full moon, which showed up the position of the door by the lines of dim light round its ill-fitting frame. He tried to thrust his fingers into the chinks, but they were far too narrow.

Bawi had all the wild man's faculty for quick observation. Though his touch had assured him that the door-was solid, it told him also that the white ants had eaten deep into the doorpost. Could the padlocked chain be forced out of the wood?

Turning, he felt about among the inexplicable objects and implements the store contained, finally selecting a long-handled garden rake as a likely lever for the job. With it he set to work, taking care to make no sound, lest the white man in the house close by should wake.

He toiled till the sweat ran from him, picking and scratching at the wood with the points of the rake and levering with the handle. At last the staple gave from the frayed and clawed timber, and the way of escape was open.

Very gently Bawi opened the door an inch and peered out. Only a couple of yards away was the door of the room

where the white man slept; in the moon-light, streaming through its windows, he could see him sleeping on the bed at its farther side. Bawi put his head farther out; the way seemed clear, and no sentry watched his He braced prison. himself for a dash across the open moonlight to the shadows of the friendly bush beyond. Suddenly he stiffened and reclosed the door to a mere crack.

A furtive black figure was coming round the corner of the white man's house. Silently it reached the opening of the room where Morrison slept, and cautiously peered in.

Bawi trembled, holding his breath. Was it one of those who had wanted to spear him making sure that the white man slept before calling up the others to complete the job? Quivering with apprehension, Bawi gripped his rake—a poor weapon, but better than none.

the furtive No; figure was entering the white man's room. With him inside, the way of escape would again be clear. Bawi opened his door wider, the better to see: the trunk that had been beneath the bed was now drawn into a patch of moonlight in the middle of the floor, and the figure was bending over it. It seemed fully

occupied. Now was Bawi's chance. Silent as a ghost, he opened his door wider and then emerged.

A sudden movement made him pause, foot in air. The white man had opened his eyes and raised his head, while the thief had snatched up the revolver from the bedside.

With one spring Morrison leaped from the bed, taking the chance that he could grapple the thief before the man could shoot. But the other was prepared for such a manœuvre. He jumped back towards the open entrance, close to where Bawi was bracing himself to flee. The revolver was aimed straight at Morrison, and the black finger was contracting on the trigger.

The shot crashed out in the stillness, yet the bullet went wide. For the instant the intruder aimed the weapon a tearing blow struck him from behind. He screamed and fell, blood spurting from the long, ragged wounds.

Bawi did not wait to see the result of the blow. He had laid out the black man who had almost stepped on him, but the white man remained; also, he knew that the crash of the shot would bring up those others who had wanted to spear him when he was captured. Still grasping the implement that had served him so well, he bolted blindly through the moonlight for the cover of the shadowy trees.

The police, when they arrived next morning, gathered in with gratification the criminal they had wanted so long. Morrison, standing on his verandah, watched with a feeling of satisfaction their departure with their damaged captive. Presently Chimuti came up, and his face also showed a grin of pleasure.

Did I not speak the truth, master?' he remarked. "Did I not say the man was a wizard, a manleopard who could change his body at will? He escaped from the store by turning himself back into a beast. I have seen the doorpost where he clawed his way out; I have seen the clawed head of the thief whom the police have even now taken away. Had not that intruder stood in between, those claws might have torn the master; instead, the stealer of coins received the man-leopard's rage. But the master need not fear now; the evil. man has been frightened and will not return to these parts," he added with a cheerful grin.

The only person who showed no pleasure was the garden boy. Missing the rake, for which he was responsible, and not daring to tell Morrison of its absence, he had to manufacture a substitute in his spare time. THE END.



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY

Whom we all remember as Faith Celli, that wonderful Dream Child in Barrie's Dear Brutus, Peter Pan in 1918, and Emmeline in The Blue Lagoon. Her husband, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Murray, a brother of the late Master of Elibank, the famous Chief Liberal Whip, was himself sixteen years in the House of Commons, and is a director of the London and North Eastern Railway. Colonel and Mrs. Murray, who are intimate friends of President Roosevelt, have recently been staying with him at his beautiful country home, Hyde Park, on the Hudson. Hyde Park is so named because the estate originally belonged, in the eighteenth century, to Baron Hyde, ancestor of the Earls of Clarendon



The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited and all travel agencies



BADMINTON HOUSE NORTH WING FLOODLIT

slippery wood-blocks. It is inexcusable, A

driver must be observing the crossing as

he approaches it, and he cannot spare

so much attention as usual for the road surface. On the wheel he feels

a good grip (for to the man with sensitive hands the wheel tells quite

a bit of the story). Yet, when someone

The occasion was the recent Beaufort subscribers and Farmers Hunt Ball, which was held at Badminton by kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and which was an enormous success. His Grace, who is one of the best—if not, indeed, the best—amateur huntsmen in all England, has been Master and joint-Master of this famous pack of hounds since 1924. These hounds have never been out of the Beaufort family since their establishment

Skates.

OTOR-CARS using the London streets and the streets of other big cities during recent weeks would have been more suitably equipped if they had followed the lead of certain Ministers of the Crown and fitted

themselves with skates instead of tyres. There were one or two days in which the combination of rain, snow, ice and slush produced such a slippery surface on the wood-block roads that it became very nearly impossible to maintain control. I do not remember meeting such bad conditions for a long time, and, judging from the number of minor crashes strewn about the roads, other people must have thought the same. It is to be remembered that the motor-vehicle driver would be better off if the whole of London and these other cities were paved with ice, for then he would accustom himself to a fairly stable set of conditions. But the highway authorities in their neglect of duty (I know that is a strong charge, but I stick to it) have paved London with varying surfaces. The result is, you never know what

your tyre adhesion is going to be from one moment to the next.

It's astonishing the way they have arranged things. In Kensington, outside Queen's Gate, the surface used to be so treacherous that I had to complain to the Ministry of Transport about it. Shortly after—as a result of my complaint or not I do not know-the Kensington Council laid an improved surface there. But — would you believe it?—they laid it just at the point where the skid accidents used all to happen and stuck to their slippery wood-blocks on both sides! That little bit of non-skid surface shines like a good deed in a very naughty road.

Elsewhere I have found instances of non-skid surfaces running up to about rooft. from pedestrian crossing - places, and then changing to the slipperiest of

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Underground Garages. Every day and in every way the urgency of the need for good roads in London and other big cities becomes

steps off on to the crossing and the driver applies his brakes,

he finds the car sliding; deprived suddenly of all grip.

While Sir John Anderson was skating in Switzerland, or wherever it was, and we were skating on the London streets

increased in intensity. I think it is time that the suggestion for building underground garages capable of being turned into shelters in time of need should be re-examined.

I have heard all the objections; and I have not heard any objection that could not be overcome. The ordinary underground shelter, on a scale sufficient to give real protection, would be costly and would bring in no revenue. The under-ground garage would also be costly; but it would bring in a little revenue and not be a dead loss in itself. More important, it would aid the efficiency of the whole town by reducing congestion and making it easier to use private cars in London. If only motoring spoke with one voice and spoke loudly enough on this subject, I believe that something might be done.

greater and greater. But the Ministry of Transport switches the demands to the amorphous local authorities, and the local authorities dilly and dally and do nothing. It is tragic. For remember it is not only the country's efficiency in peace that is at stake, it is also its safety in war.

in our motor-cars, the cry for sound air-raid shelters



THE 2nd ROYAL LANCERS, I.A., WINNERS, PUNJAB POLO CUP The above team beat the 13th D.C.O. Lancers 9½ goals to 4 in the final of the Punjab Polo Challenge Cup, played under handicap in Lahore. The names (l. to r.) are: Mr. S. V. McCoy, Mr. A. R. W. Sproule, Captain H. McConnel, and Major A. H. St. John Avery

## To the Manor born ...

Jour habit of thought, your choice of friends, your taste in clothes (yes, and in cars) — how instinctively they reflect taste and training. Practical consideration may clearly indicate the Wolseley Limousine to you as the outstanding car of its class in the matter of performance, distinction and luxury. But your instinct is a surer guide still. It points to a Wolseley as the car which fits in characteristically with your surroundings and position in life, to the manner born . . .



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"SEE HOW THEY FLY" AT SHELL MEX HOUSE

In the picture are (left) Mr. F. L. Fulford, the general manager of Shell-Mex and B.P.; and (right) Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, who opened the exhibition of aviation at Shell-Mex House on January 4. Colonel Moore-Brabazon is the holder of the first pilot's licence in the United Kingdom. This exhibition is one of the most interesting events staged, as it deals with flying from the days of the Wright brothers up to and beyond the present day

#### Production Polemics.

T is as good as the circus to watch eminent persons battling vigor-ously together—as they have lately been doing-about the aircraft-production powers of Germany relative to those of Great Britain. On my right we have lanky Lindbergh, the dolichocephalic dean, and, on my left, tubby Tommy Inskip, Chamberlain's champ. It is only a verbal contest, but heaven knows how many rounds it will go. Colonel Lindbergh, with his flair for obtaining publicity by trying to avoid it, will come out with a dazzling dinner-time story that Germany is producing military aircraft at a rate which puts the British industry's ideas of quantity-production on a level with those of the manufacturers of Noah's Ark. Then Sir Thomas Inskip will try and correct the Lindbergh laxative with complicated and

woolly wamblings about Great Britain's
"terrifying" air power and about mysterious and magical things having been
done by the wise Government, things of which you and I must know nothing.

I often wonder whom the British public believes, and whether it believes

For myself, speaking with the greatest possible respect, I must point out that neither Colonel Lindbergh nor Sir Thomas is qualified to express a trustworthy opinion on the subject. So I fear I must reject both of their offerings. For, curious though it may seem to the political mind, I adhere obstinately to the view that a manufacturer of aircraft or aero-engines is more likely to know about the manufacture of aircraft or aero-engines than somebody who flew the Atlantic years ago, or somebody whose mode of expression suggests either long training and experience as a lawyer or a muddled mind. It is because I believe that our British makers of aircraft and aero-engines can tell more nearly what the real position is at a glance than outside dabblers could tell in a century, that I recently consulted two of the most eminent among them, Mr. Sidgreaves, managing director of Rolls-Royce, and Mr. Spriggs, managing director of the Hawker-Siddeley combine, which—I imagine—is the biggest aircraft-producing combine in the world.

#### Sound Views.

Their views were encouraging. I will not attempt to give their own words; but I will sum up the impression I received as follows: Britain started very late in the air-armaments race; but things have been moving rapidly during the past year, and have been accelerating all the time. In quality—and each man in his own field was confident of this, and gave me instances

## AIR EDDIES OLIVER STEWART

to prove his point—we are ahead of all other countries. So far as our production of air-frames and aero-engines is concerned, it will, by about the end of the year, reach a rate at which it can more than keep pace with our potentialities in personnel. Air Ministry action has lately been satisfactory; but on both sides the importance of continuity of programme was urged.

Now, I will not be drawn into trying to guess—and guessing is all people have been doing—Germany's first-line air strength. But as a result of my talks with these and other people who really are in a position to know what is going on and to weigh up the relative strengths of the various countries, I am convinced that, although we are still far behind, we are beginning to make an impression on Germany's lead. I am further convinced that, provided the existing attitude is maintained

at the Air Ministry, we shall in future make a steadily deeper impression on that lead. If France can swing into a like momentum of effort, we may together be able one day to say that we are—together—as strong as Germany in the air.

#### Models.

That is an entertaining show opened by Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon at Shell-Mex House the other day. It is called "See How They Fly," and one can best sum it up by saying that it enables the visitor to visualise many of the more important flight processes. The working models are ingenious and well constructed. And there is the device whereby it is possible for a person to "fly" a model aeroplane in a small wind-tunnel by working full-sized controls in a cockpit mock-up beside it.



THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR VISITS A PARIS FACTORY

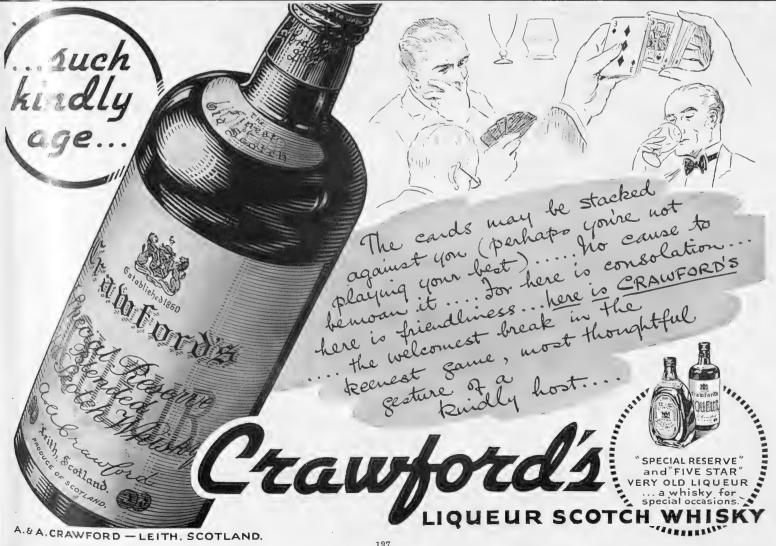
Captain Balfour recently paid a visit to Paris, and during the course of his stay visited one of the big aeroplane engine factories. In the above photograph he is seen in the company of M. Paul Louis Weiler, the French millionaire, examining one of the latest products



MAJOR AND MRS. MAYO AT MONTE CARLO We wonder how many people have recognised the designer of the famous Short-Mayo Composite air-

craft in the quiet, unobtrusive man now staying, with his wife, at Monte Carlo? At their hotel they have been known for years as Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, but no one has connected him with the man whose remarkable invention has brought long distance air travel within the realm of practical possibility





Hay Wrightson MISS DIANA DICKINSON

Who is engaged to Mr. W. D. Blackwood, Royal Tank Corps, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blackwood, of Boreham Holt, Elstree. Miss Dickinson is a daughter of the late Mr. James Dickinson, K.C., and the late Lady Sempill, and a granddaughter of Sir James Lavery, R.A.

Malcolm Borwick, D.S.O., and Mrs. Borwick, of Hazelbech Hill, Northampton; Lieutenant M. Buist, R.N., youngest son of Colonel F. B. Buist and Mrs. Buist, and Elizabeth M.C., and Lady Brooke, of Midfearn, Ross-shire; Mr. J. G. Wordsworth, elder son of the Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Wordsworth, of The Rectory, Coddenham, Ipswich, and Doreen, younger daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler Henderson, of Faccombe Manor, Andover; Captain

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Today.
Captain J. W. Rawlins, the Northampton Regiment, elder son of Major and Mrs. Rawlins, of Shelborne, Cheltenham, and Elizabeth Joan, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-

Colonel A. Delme-Radcliffe, D.S.O., and Mrs. A. Delme-Radcliffe, of Rivermead Court, S.W.6. Another wedding today is that of Mr. G. C. Dean and Miss G. Joicey Pidduck.
This will take place
at All Souls' Church,
Langham Place, at 12.30 p.m.

Recently Engaged.
The Hon. H. Allsopp, Coldstream
Guards, younger son
of the late Lord Hindlip and of Lady Hindlip, and Cecily, daughter of Lieu-tenant-Colonel

Jean, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Brooke, Bt., D.S.O., Butler Henderson, of Faccombe Manor, Andover; Captain H. C. Withers, Royal Artillery, only son of Commander and Mrs. E. C. Withers, and Lola, only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. S. M. Anderson, Harry Warren House, Studland; Captain F. F. Laugher, the Dorsetshire Regiment, only son of the late Major H. F. Laugher and Mrs. Laugher, Carlton Road South, Weymouth, and Alison Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Street, of Upcerne Manor, Dorset; Mr. R. King-Clark, M.C., the Manchester Regiment, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. King-Clark, of West Byfleet, and Susan Nancy, daughter of Major and
Mrs. W. P. Williams,

of Cairo; Mr. R. M. K. Slater, youngest son of Mr. S. II. Slater, C.M.G., C.I.E., I.C.S., of Keene House, Guildford, and of Mrs. Amyas Borton, of Cheveney, Yalding, Kent, and Barbara Janet Murdoch, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Murdoch, D.S.O., and Mrs. Murdoch, West-Mrs. Murdoch, West-erhill, Linton, Kent; Mr. J. F. Brown, son of Mr. R. C. Brown, late I.C.S. and Mrs. Brown, of Ashmore House, Whiteparish, Wiltshire, and An-stice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Awdrv. of Little Che



MISS BRIDGET COURAGE

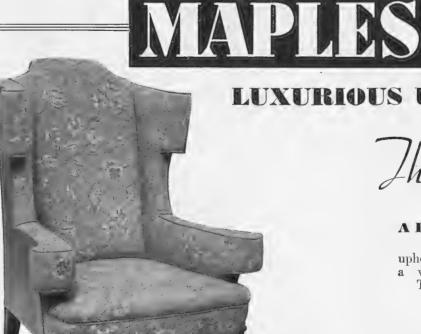
The youngest daughter of Mr. Raymond Courage, and the late Mrs. Courage, of Edgcote, Banbury, who is engaged to Mr. R. A. Archer-Shee, toth Royal Hussar, the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Martin Archer-Shee, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Lady Archer-Shee

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Awdry, of Little Cheverill, Devizes; Mr. M. A. Bompas, younger son of the late G. C. Bompas, and Mrs. Haldane, and Dorothy Miriam, daughter of the late Mr. W. Gibbs Chandler, of Lloyd's and Blackheath, and Mrs. Gibbs Chandler, of Singleton Manor, Great Chart, Ashford, Kent; Mr. A. H. C. Ward-Boughton-Leigh, only son of the late Captain Henry Allesley Ward-Boughton-Leigh and Mrs. Ward-Boughton-Leigh, Brownsover Hall, near Rugby, and Norah Wyndham, younger daughter of Mr. Rugby, and Norah Wyndham, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. L. Freer, Wolvey Hall, near Hinckley, Leicestershire; Mr. K. M. Petter, youngest son of Sir Ernest Willoughby Petter, and the late Lady Angela Petter, and Phyllis Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Edmeston, of Stafford House, Ellesmere Park, Eccles. Mr. A. U. Clark, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. U. Clark, and Joyce. Frances, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Waugh.



MISS M. J. WALKER AND MR. W. L. STEPHENS

Miss Walker is the only daughter of Brigadier-General J. W. Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Walker, of Ayrshire, and her fiance is Mr. W. Lawson Stephens, Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland



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grows older, she will grow lovelier. Innoxa will keep pace with the needs of her skin. Exposure will not redden or roughen her cheeks, because she will use Innoxa Cream Pack regularly, and her skin will be naturally mat, under her powder. At thirty she will be using Tissue Cream, and at forty Vitormone Cream, as her mother is doing today. All this her doctor will approve. He knows the famous names behind Innoxa



Tissue Cream 7,6, 4/6. Vitormone Cream 15/-. Cream Pack 4/6.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The appearance of Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People for 1939 is welcome as ever to those who look forward at this time of year to this

wery famous book of reference.

The greater part of this book of some 2,000 pages is occupied by the biographies, which are all arranged in alphabetical order; many of these will not be found in other reference books, as Kelly's *Handbook* includes not only those who have titles and honours or high rank in the services, but those who

quite apart, there is a mass of other

information.

Kelly's Royal Blue Book Court and Parliamentary Guide for 1939 price 10s. 6d., is worth every penny of it. As is well known, this book which has been issued for over one hundred years, gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in London.

Gomeone has put the question:
"Do we honour our statesmen above our poets?" and then goes on to say: "I ask because I have just been looking through the new 1939 Post Office London Directory (60s., Kelly's Directories Ltd., 186 Strand, W.C.2) and I find a surprising lack of Shakespeare place names. Then I looked up the first statesman I thought of the first statesman I thought of-Gladstone and he wins by two to one." The moral seems to be: your Directory up to date

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1., urgently appeal for 5s. weekly, to help an invalid man living on the outskirts of London. For ten years he has been a verger in a poor district church, but now he is beyond

are prominent in their own counties as landowners or magistrates. And these

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE 265TH WORCESTER BATTERY

A group taken at the reunion and prize-giving at the Headquarters at Worcester.

Brigadier the Hon. E. F. Lawson, who is amongst those in the picture, is C.R.A., Divisional Artillery, 48th South Midland Division.

The full list of the names is: Major H. A. Ross, R.A.; Brigadier the Hon. E. R. Lawson, D.S.O. M.C., T.D.; Colonel J. T. James, T.D. (commanding the Battery); Major P. W. Robinson., R.A., T.A. and Colonel A. C. W. Robson, M.C.

work, being crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. His four daughters have spent their savings to pay for his treatment as they know that without massage he will become a permanent cripple. They are all delicate women and being devoted to their parents they do their best to give the old people a comfortable home. The specialist's treatment is free, but the masseur has to charge 5s. a time and this sum combined with the return ticket to London is a great drain on the family's resources.

They are most respectable people, well worthy of help and it would be a real godsend if money to cover the masseur's fee and fares could be promised—£13 needed.

Six of the leading animal charities will benefit from the money raised by a special stage and film matinée which is to be held at the Palace Theatre on February 28. The Theatre on February 28. The matinée is being arranged by Lady St. John of Bletso and Miss Nell St. John Montague, assisted by a big committee which includes Sir Frederick Hobday, Lord and Lady Southwood, Sir Claud Jacob, the Marchioness of Headfort, Sir Thomas Bethell and Viscount and Thomas Bethell, and Viscount and Viscountess Brentford.

The programme for the matinée will be fifty per cent stage and fifty per cent film entertainment.

Miss Montague has enlisted the help of an all-star programme for the stage half of the show, and the latter half will include the first presentation of the English version of her own story, All Living Things.

In A Gourmet's Year, the diary presented to men patrons of the Trocadero Restaurant, W., on New Year's Eve, is full of good advice upon what to eat and drink, and how

This year's issue, the seventeenth edition, includes 365 different quotations-bringing the total for the series to more than 6,200, none of which has been repeated. The new edition contains opinions by film stars, cynics and authors of this era

BENTLEY'S MASTERPIECE

Illustrated is the Lagonda Saloon

Twelve Cylinder (11' w.b. chassis) £1,600 Six Cylinder (11' 3½" w.b. chassis) £1,270

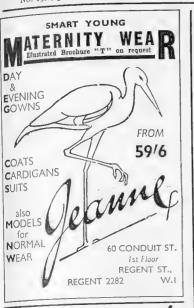
A standard Lagonda 12 Cylinder Saloon ran 101.5 miles (including a 23 minute tyre stop) in One Hour at Brooklands in October last. The 6 Cylinder model, the same day, covered 95.87 miles in the hour.

"There are motorists who consider that little else matters besides comfort, others think of performance first and last. In the Twelve-Cylinder Lagonda both sides-extremes-stand out predominantly . . . a more comfortable, and at the same time really stable car, has not yet been produced, taking into consideration all that its 100 m.p.h. performance requires." "The Autocar" 7.10.38.

"To find standards of comparison one has to consider the finest three or four cars produced at the present time, and even then the Lagonda remains, in some respects, unique, so successfully does it combine tremendous performance with smoothness, and quietness, and excellent roadholding with personal comfort."

"The Motor" 27.9.38





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perfectly moulded figure has more A charm than even a beautiful face. Few women, however, possess truly graceful contours, and modern dress reveals with candour the outline of imperfect forms.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 brand Preparations—which offers woman a genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections and restoring it from within to the graceful contours and firmness of youth in Nature's own way.

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No. 1960, JANUARY 18, 1939]

## "But I always thought my skin was greasy, Jane Seymour"



A woman came to my Salon not long ago and said she wanted all the right preparations for a greasy skin.

"Excuse me," I said, smiling, "your skin is dry, not greasy."

"Impossible!" she said. "Look at those oily pores all round my nose."

"I expect that's because you use cold cream at night and never follow it up with a skin tonic," I said. "The dryest skin will exude grease round the nose, if you let the pores get choked and out of condition."

"What your skin needs," I continued, "is a thorough 'wash' with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic every night, then pat in Orange Skin Food, carefully avoiding your nose. In the morning, splash on more Juniper, and make up with Petal Cream and Dry Skin Powder."

Well, she was very doubtful but she agreed to try it, and this morning I have a delighted note from her saying: "You were right, after all. My skin was dry. I am glad I took your advice."

Are you using the right preparations for your type of skin? Make sure. Get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.





## Easy to Meas

JUST right for early spring days is the maternity suit below. Carried out in satin-back romaine, it costs 11 guineas, including the flower and the simulated waistcoat. This is adjustable, and can be removed in a fraction of a second. A special feature is made in these salons of corsets and nursing brassieres, and there are various models designed to assist the figure in regaining normality

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS ceases to exist when women choose their maternity outfits in the pleasant salons of the Treasure Cot Co., 103 Oxford Street. There are frocks for wearing during this period from 2 guineas. Rather more expensive is the dress above for  $6\frac{1}{2}$  guineas. It is carried out in pastel tinted romaine, piped with velvet of a darker shade. It is provided with several clever devices whereby a graceful silhouette is maintained. Should it not be possible to visit the salons, a practical and helpful catalogue will be sent on application. This booklet is really most informative and makes many good suggestions

Pictures by Blake

## Step out of OVERWEIGH

10 years younger

Superfluous fat robs you of half the joy of living, saps your vitality, and adds years to your age. If you value your health and appearance, if you want towear smart clothes smartly, and join in the active life of your generation, you must throw off the burden of overweight at once. Remember, every day you delay makes it more difficult to get slim again, and doctors warn you that superfluous fat again, and doctors warn you that supermous fat is putting an undue strain on heart and liver. Yet you can start at once to take the Natex way to vitality and slender lines.

"LAZY" THYROID THE CAUSE. Fat accumulates because your thyroid gland is slowing down its action, failing to energise the processes of your body which normally deal with fat-producing foods.



EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT

These figures show how you grow more graceful as Natex takes away unwanted fat. No picture can show how much happier, livelier, healthier you become! Natex is not a drug, it is a slimming food which re-invigorates your glandular system and makes it able to deal with all the fat-making foods you eat. Natex actually works while you eat—making you slimmer day by day until you reach the proportions Nature intended.

THEY WEIGH

23 Editresses recommend Natex—
Delighted Users Testify!

Natex is recommended by editresses of 23 Women's Journals: one lost 2½ llbs. of fat first week, 6 lbs. first month. Thousands of letters from users show that Natex has:—I, Removed 2 to 4 lbs. fat weekly—safely.

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3, Increased vitality—and happiness

3, Increased vitality—and happiness

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You can act NOW!

You can act NOW!

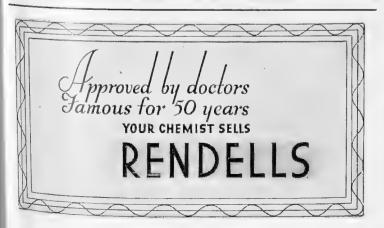
Natex capsules are taken with meals—no trouble, no dieting, no fuss. Start taking Natex at once, and in a few weeks you'll be younger-to-look-at and slimmer, healthier and happier for it. Obtainable from Chemists and Health Food Stores in cartons, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6 and 17/6.

FREE The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim
Tells exactly how and why Natex slims
From Modern Health Products Ltd., 345 Natex

. In these days of appalling 'journalese ant of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A ondon Newsletter'; not only for its common sense, at for its literary style. The paragraph this week bout . . . . . is a model for readers and writers like and I should very much like to know who the ild Stager is."

on current affairs . . . its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS-EVERY FRIDAY



## JANUARY

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37 CONDUIT ST. (BOND ST.) LONDON, W.1



GORDON SETTER Property of Mrs. Gray

They get served quicker and make room for those who cannot get away early. The hours at Cruft's are very long, far more so than at any other show, so the room is doubly welcome. It is a great show, quite unlike any

The Gordon Setter, as everyone knows, originated at Gordon Castle, where, the story goes, the ordinary setter was crossed with a very clever black and tan Collie. Be that as it may, anyway it was at the beginning of last century and the Gordon now shows no signs of any cross. He is a strikingly handsome dog and a specially good worker and is much used in the north of Scotland. Mrs. Hervey Bathurst's father, Mr. Baxendale, had a celebrated Hervey Bathurst's father, Mr. Baxendale, had a celebrated kennel of Gordons at Ben Clebrick, and Mrs. Bathurst still has the strain. She writes as follows: "The photograph is of Neil Gow, bred by me, owned by Mrs. Gray, fourteen years old next April. His sire descends from my father's Ben Clebrick kennel of Gordons. Neil's younger brother is still working, aged eleven and a half, showing what lasters they are. The same strain produced Miss Brooke's bench winner, Alderbury Vesta, and Mrs. Eden's trio of field trialers, considered by some to be the best working Gordons brought out for many years. So the Alderburys Gordons brought out for many years. So the Alderburys can claim to be dual purpose dogs. Our kennel has had to be much reduced but still contains some brilliant workers.

The Boston Terrier is the dog of America. He has been known and appreciated there for years. Curiously enough, it is only in the last few years that they have become

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Truft's Show will soon be Cupon us, to be accurate, on February 8 and 9. It is always a great gathering, especially so to us, as we have our annual meeting the second day. We also have our room for rest and food, both important at such a big show. I again remind people who are not being judged that the earlier

they go to lunch the bet-

BOSTON TERRIERS Property of Mrs. Sugden

known to any extent in this country. Bostons are cheery looking little dogs, full of go and intelligence, and make excellent companions. Mrs. Sugden has a few puppies for sale, and sends snapshots of their mother a son. She says, They are nicely marked, well grown and very hardy.

As I never keep puppies willtake



KING CHARLES SPANIEL PUPPIES Property of Mrs. Clayton Swan

reasonable prices, as I want the room. I also have a very lovely French Bulldog bitch for sale, thirteen and a half months old, inoculated and small."

I must confess to a weakness for a breed with a long history, such as the King Charles Spaniel. I like to think of the one which accompanied Mary Queen of Scots on the scaffold, and we all know about Charles II and his Spaniels. However, in these days a long history counts for little What is more important is that King Charles Spaniels make delightful companions, as, in addition to their beauty, they are intelligent and easily trained, also good walkers and very sporting. They were at one time, like most toy breeds, ousted by the Pekinese, but are now coming back to favour. Mrs. Clayton Swan owns one of the foremost kennels of this breed. Her dogs are all house-trained and in no way pampered; accustomed to being out in all weathers, they make ideal companions for town or country. She has lately added Ch. Ashformore Lovesong to her kennels. She sends a photograph of some fascinating babies, of which there are usually some for sale.

One of the essential qualities demanded from any dog by its owner is friendliness. No one, however much they may love animals, can respond towards a morose animal which regards all and sundry with suspicion and dislike None of the dogs shown on this page will ever be guilty of such faults. They are all of a happy disposition, are a definite adjunct to any household and can be relied upon to provide amusement and pleasure at all tim

thampton. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Sc



Absolutely unre-touched photographs of the same eyes before and after treatment. Published with the client's permission

## EYES

set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfor-tune and ill-



health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay; it removes and corrects facial blemishes, whether congenital or the result of age, delicate health or accident. The Hystogen method is a triumph of art and science. It is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face, approved by the Medical Profession of the world. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. If in doubt call with your doctor.



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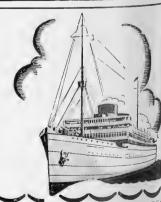
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> Tailoring - from  $9\frac{1}{2}$  gns. Dressmaking from 8½ gns.

A smart day frock in a novelty boucle wool, with original design of net insertion.

Made to order in our Court Dressmaking workroom.

From  $10\frac{1}{2}$  gns.

A classic tailormade for the spring, the slim fitting skirt is in striped tweed; the plain coat is slightly waisted with broad shoulders, wide revers and smart inset pockets.

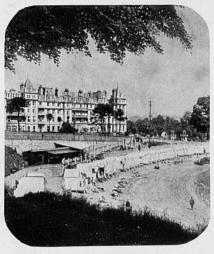
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## The GRAND



#### CONTINENTAL HOTELS

Paris.—Hotel Opal.—For Business or Pleasure, 19, rue Tronchet. Definitely central (Madeleine Church). Up to date. Rms. fr. 6/-. Eng. spkn.

Beaulieu Bonds Hotel.—Every comfort. Large garden. Quiet situation. Moderate terms. Manager: Mme. Brun.

Beaulieu sur Mer.—Bet, Nice and Monte-Carlo, Bedford & Savoy Hotels, 1st class. Full South. Sea. Tennis. Garage. Park.

Beaulieu - s - Mer. — Hotel Victoria. — 100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excel. cooking. Pens. from 50 frs.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class, quiet, residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes. — Hotel Grande Bretagne. — Park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge room. Pen.termsfr. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 gns. & £5 weekly.

Cannes.—Hotel des Iles Britanniques.—Every comfort. Central. Near Casino and Beach. Sunny Park. Attractive lounge. Mod. terms.

Cannes.—Hotel Mont-Fleury.
Large Park.
Manager: G. Tamme. Cannes.—Hotel "Les Sablons."—On Croisette Provençal style, Near beach. Sur garden. Inclusive board, £2.16 per week. Sunny

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cannes.—Hotel Suisse.—One minute from Croisette, Central and quiet situation. Excell, Cuisine. Swiss management. Kelley & Co.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton, Ten. Swim. Pool. Private Park, Inc. fr. 120 fr., with bath fr. 140 fr.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.—On sea; sunny garden, 120 rooms; 80 baths. Inclus. weekly terms from £3 15s. 0d. (taxes and serv. incl'd.).

Menton.—Hotel Astoria.—First class. Centr. Sea front, 200 rooms, 100 baths. 30 flats. Inc. weekly £4 4s. 0d. (serv. & tax inc.). Op. all yr.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—150 rooms, 100 baths. Full south. Large garden. Cent. Incl. weekly terms from £4 15s. (taxes and serv. included).

Menton.—Hotel Regina.—80 rooms. Cent. facing sea. Large sunny garden. Inclusive weekly terms from £4 (taxes, serv. included).

Menton. — Riviera Palace. — Ideal winter residence, 25 acres of grounds and

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Bristol and Majestic.—200 ms., 80 baths, facing sea, bridgerm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in hotel. Full board from 75 frs. on.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms, 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

Monte Carlo, — Hotel Prince de Galles. Strictly First - class. Beautiful garde Magnificent view, Moderate terms. garden.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Royal.
All comforts, full south, garden overlooking sea. Moderate rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4. With priv. bath £5.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class. 200 rooms. Close to sea and Casino. Own gar. Mod. terms. Conv. headq'ter for the Riviera. Swiss man'mt.

#### GERMANY

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof. Sun-niest hotel. 1st class. 180 bedrooms. Pension for Rm9. Patron, by English Soc. Open in Winter.

Gamisch.—Bavarian Winter - Sport - Centre. Golf Hotel Sonnenbichl.—Incomparably beau-tiful situation. 1st cl. Hotel. Pens. fr. Mk. 9.50.

Gamisch-Partenkirchen, Bavarian Alps.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Leading hotel, best cent. sit. Every com. Prospect. Propr. Hanns Kilian.

#### GERMANY-continued

Igls/Tyrol. Golf Hotel Iglerhof. Leading hotel in Tyrolean Alps. All mod. comfort. Winter sport. Golf course. Bathing. Mod. terms.

Kitzbühel/Tyrol, Hotel Weisses Rössl. All comforts. Best position. Very popular with comforts. Best English visitors.

Leinzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st class family hotel. 300 beds, Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rnd. Finest pos. opp. Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best British Society. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

#### SWITZERLAND

Arosa.—Valsana Sport Hotel.—First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon," dancing. Inc. terms.

Davos.—Platz, Angleterre and Park Hotel.— Lead'g Engl. Hot. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Rail-way, good food & serv. New Man., H. Verdino.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. wrld-renwnd Parsenn run and Strela Skilift. Rooms frm. S. Frc. 7. Full board frm. S. Frc. 17. W. Holsboer, man.

**Grindelwald.—The Bear.—**The gay Sports & Social Centre. Your headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

**Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel, Alpenruhe.—**1st class. Good value & personal attention. Pension terms from 14/-. A. Bohren, Man. Prop.

**Gstaad-Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. All winter spts. Topping band. Terms 13 to 17 frs.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland). Grd. Htl. Alpina.— The Ski-ers' Paradise. 1st cl. fam. hot. Won. sit. Inclusive terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, prop.

Klosters.—Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta for charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus.— 1st cl. 200 beds, The lead's Eng. fam. hot. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms,

Lenzerheide (Grisons), 5,000ft.—The Schweizer-hof.—Trad. Eng. Hse. Centre of Sports & social life. Season Dec.-Mar. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

Montreux-Clarens,—Hotel Ketterer.—1st class family hotel. All comforts, Lov. posit. View on Lake. Weekly terms, incl. bath, 3 gns.

Pontresina (Engadine) The Kronenhof.
The traditional English House.

Pontresina (Engadine). — Schloss Hotel. — Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors. Curling clubs. Pension from frs. 16.

Pontresina. — Sport Hotel Pontresina. — 150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout, full pension from Frs. 15.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.— Host of the Elite. Season till end of March.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel, quiet cent. pos., lake view. Pens. S. frs. 16.—Att.:The Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

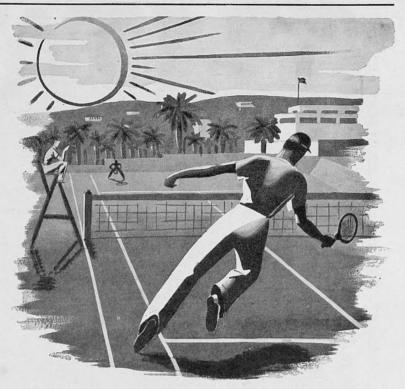
Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, bar, orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18.—F. Borter, Proprietor.

Zermatt.—Hotel Victoria:— For all Winter Sports. (160 beds). Inc. terms from Frs. 15.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Ideal in winter. Restaurant, Famous Bar. Covered winter. Restauran tennis court, golf.





## YOU CAN RELY ON SUNSHINE IN

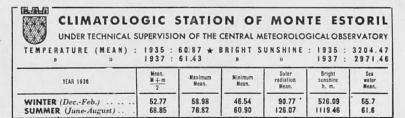


The first requisite of an enjoyable holiday is abundant sunshine. In Estoril you can count on six to eight hours of warm golden sunshine every day. The air has a stimulating Atlantic tang and the climate is remarkably even and gentle.

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For information: Casa de Portugal, 20 Regent Street, London, or Propaganda Soc. Estoril, Portugal.





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